

MARVEL®



10th Sept. 88

Nº182 35p

U.S.\$1.45 CAN.\$1.85

THE

TRANSFORMERS



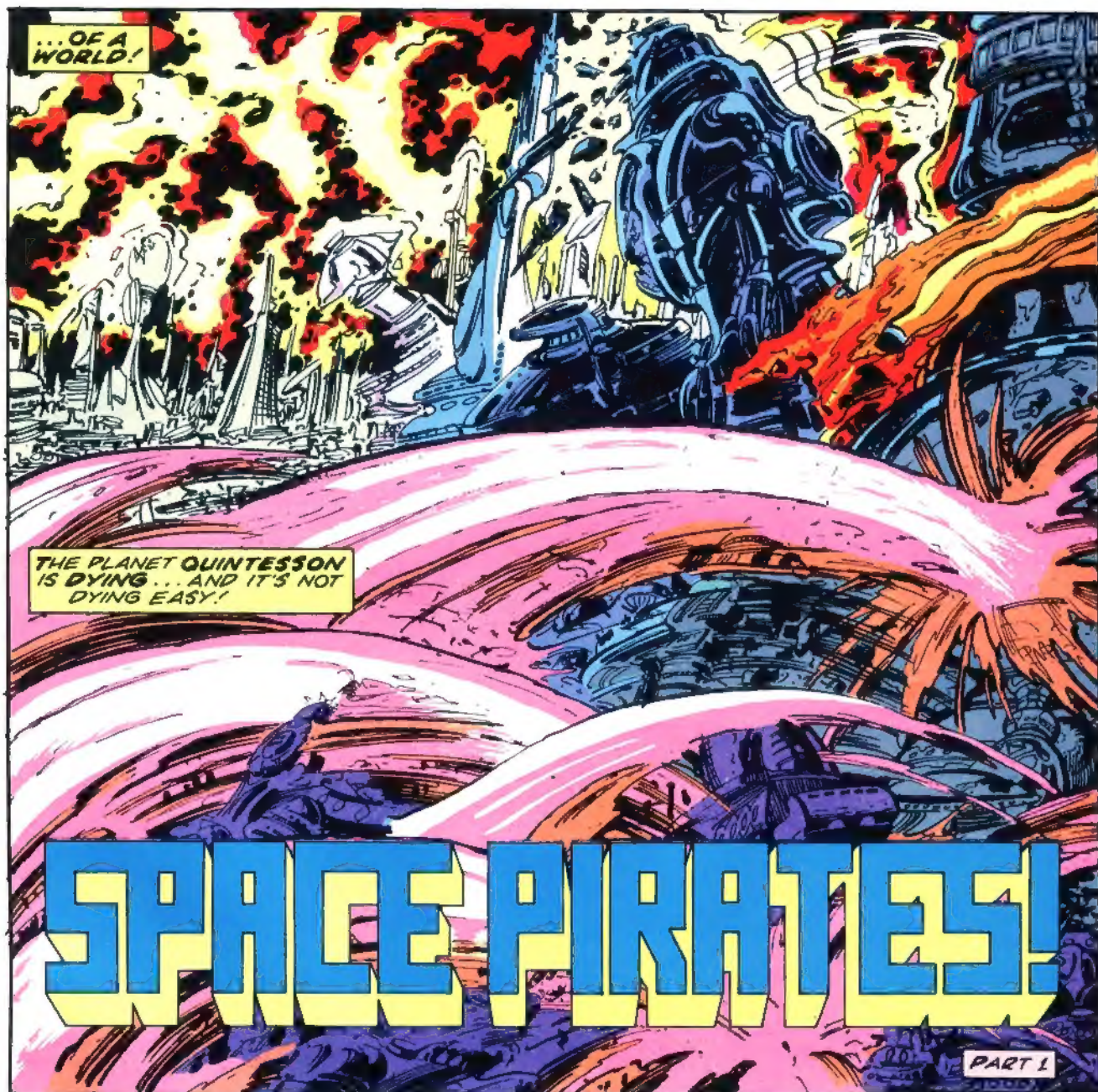
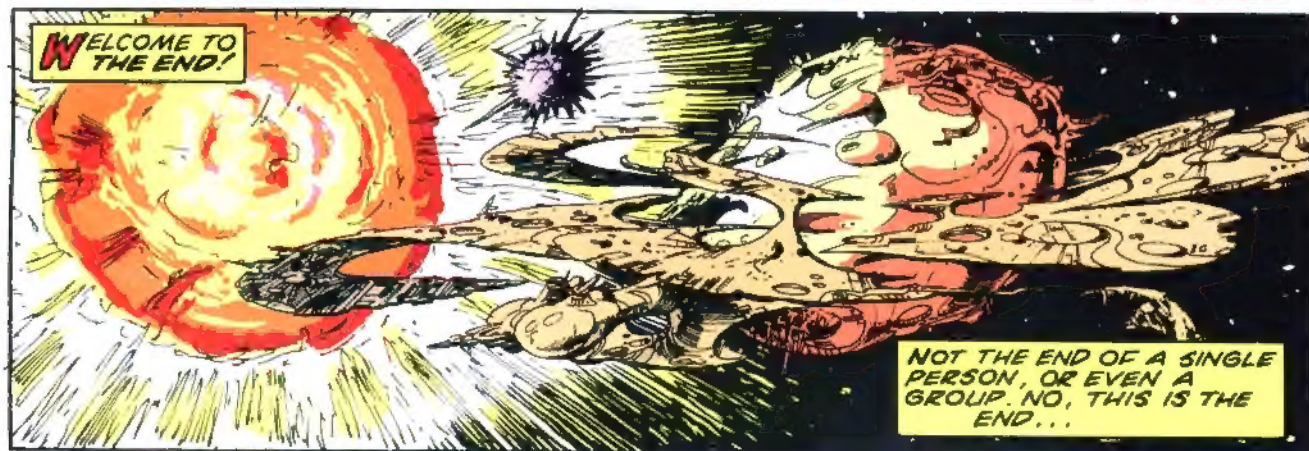
and

ACTION FORCE

OURS!

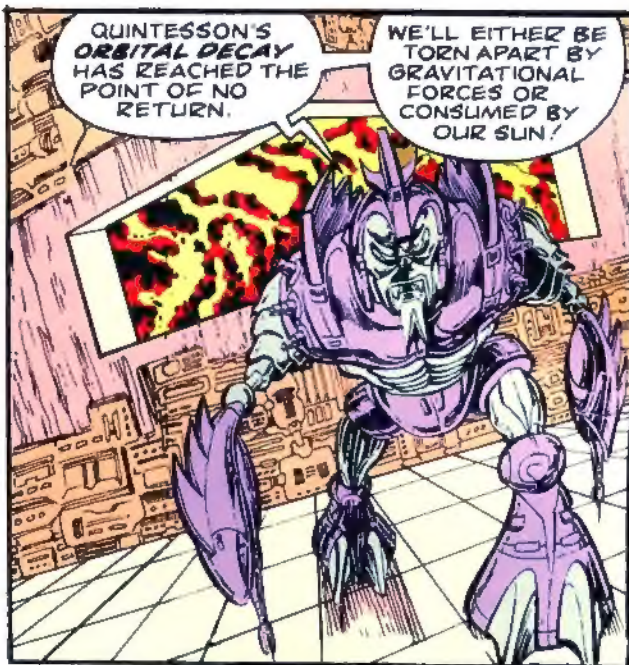


TRANSFORMERS™



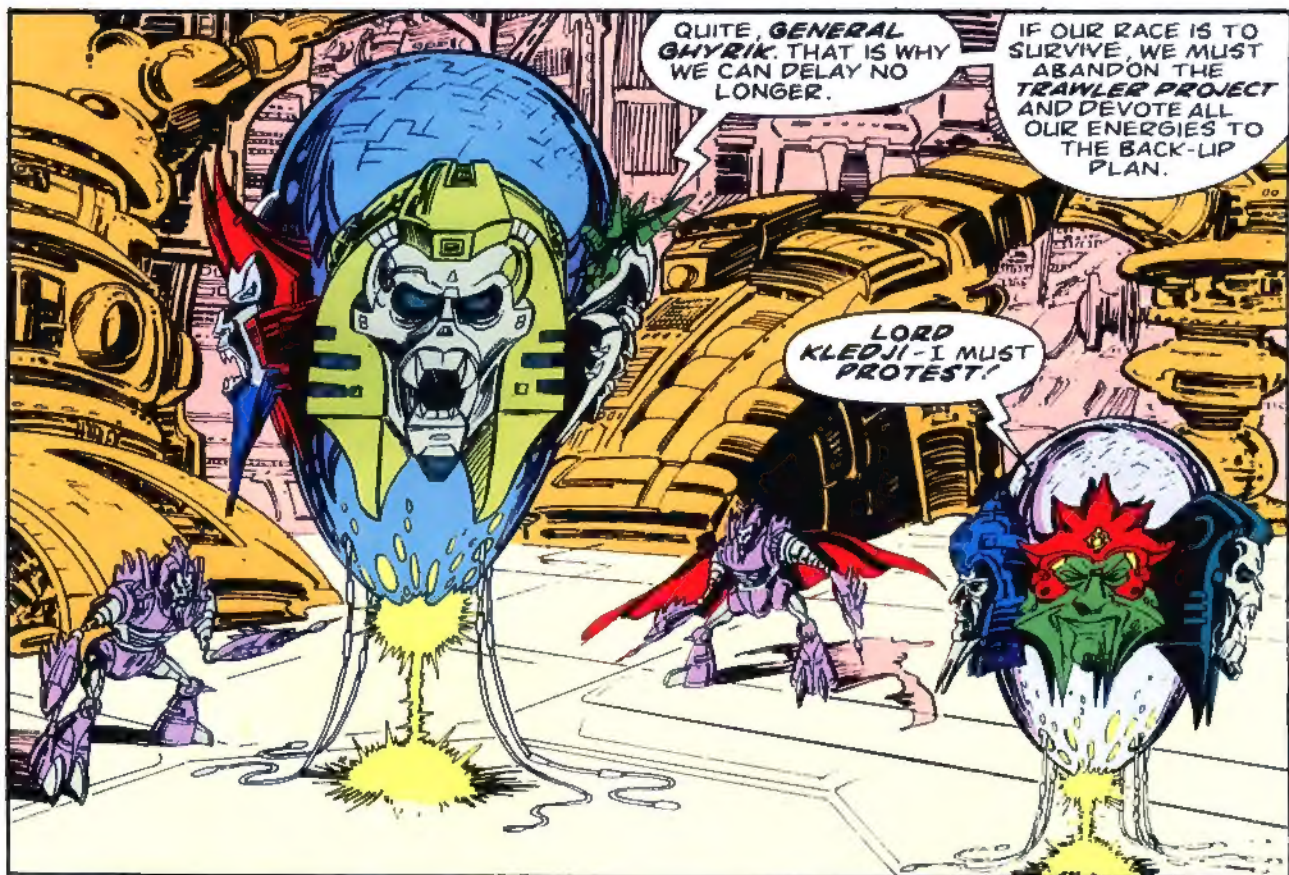


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S GOT BAD SO QUICKLY! OUR SCIENTISTS WERE YEARS OUT IN THEIR ESTIMATION OF OUR PLANET'S LIFESPAN!



QUINTESSON'S ORBITAL DECAY HAS REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN.

WE'LL EITHER BE TORN APART BY GRAVITATIONAL FORCES OR CONSUMED BY OUR SUN!



QUITE, GENERAL GHYRIK. THAT IS WHY WE CAN DELAY NO LONGER.

IF OUR RACE IS TO SURVIVE, WE MUST ABANDON THE **TRAWLER PROJECT** AND DEVOTE ALL OUR ENERGIES TO THE BACK-UP PLAN.

LORD KLEDJI - I MUST PROTEST!

THE TRAWLER PROJECT CAN STILL BE SALVAGED! ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE MORE TIME TO EXTRACT THE CANISTER'S WHEREABOUTS FROM **WRECK-GAR!**

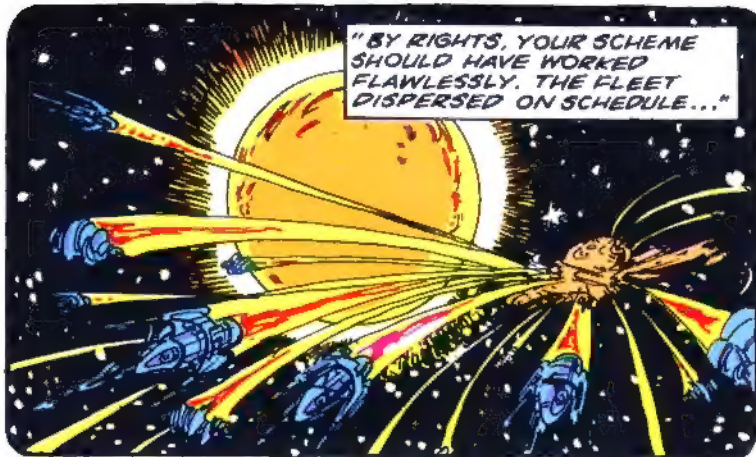


TIME IS JUST
WHAT WE DON'T
HAVE, SEVAK!
WE MUST ACT
NOW!

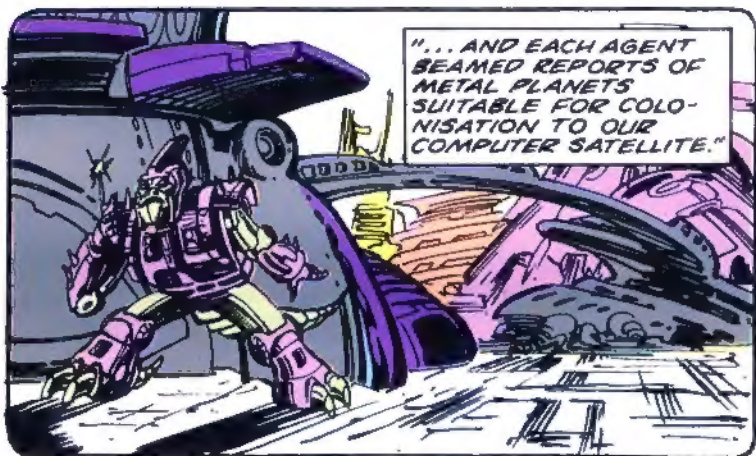
I ACKNOWLEDGE
BOTH YOUR EFFORTS
ON THE TRAWLER
PROJECT AND THE
DANGERS INHERENT
IN THE BACK-UP
PLAN, BUT WE HAVE
NO OPTION!



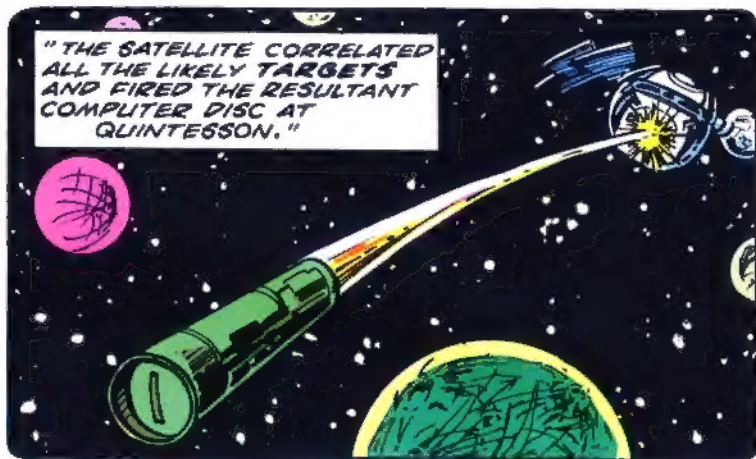
"BY RIGHTS, YOUR SCHEME
SHOULD HAVE WORKED
FLAWLESSLY. THE FLEET
DISPERSED ON SCHEDULE..."



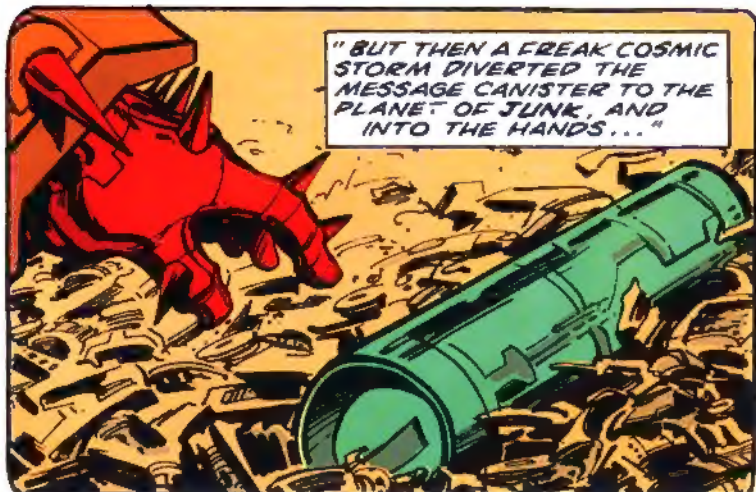
"... AND EACH AGENT
BEAMED REPORTS OF
METAL PLANETS
SUITABLE FOR COLO-
NISATION TO OUR
COMPUTER SATELLITE."



"THE SATELLITE CORRELATED
ALL THE LIKELY TARGETS
AND FIRED THE RESULTANT
COMPUTER DISC AT
QUINTESSON."



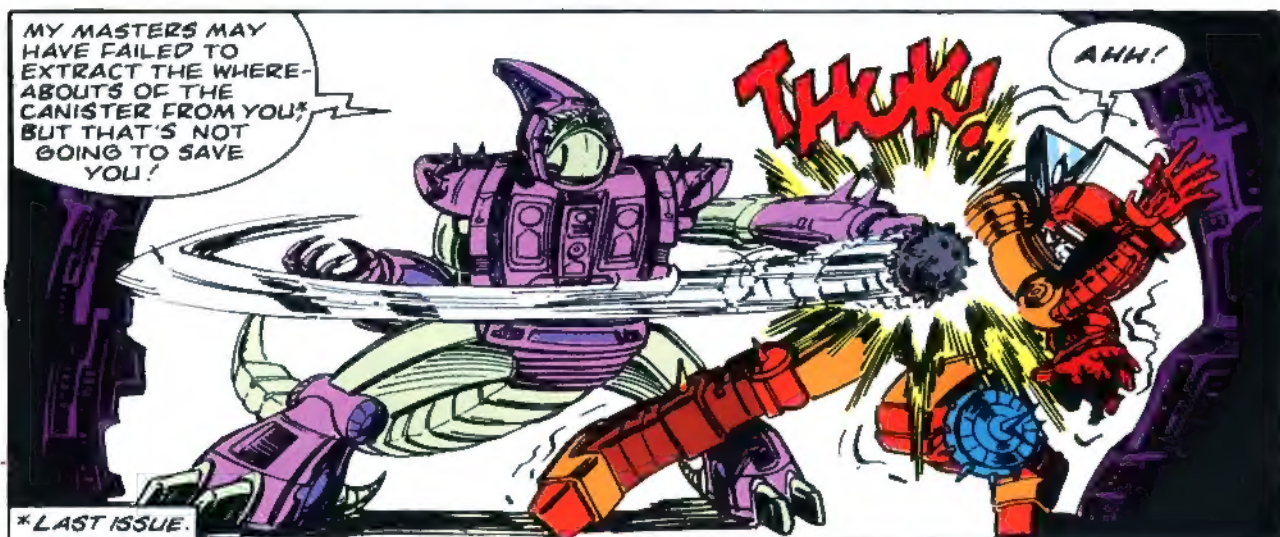
"BUT THEN A FREAK COSMIC
STORM DIVERTED THE
MESSAGE CANISTER TO THE
PLANET OF JUNK, AND
INTO THE HANDS..."





"... OF THE
JUNKION
LEADER,
WRECK-BAR!"

MOVE,
SCUM!



MY MASTERS MAY
HAVE FAILED TO
EXTRACT THE WHERE-
ABOUTS OF THE
CANISTER FROM YOU,
BUT THAT'S NOT
GOING TO SAVE
YOU!

THUK!

AHH!

*LAST ISSUE.



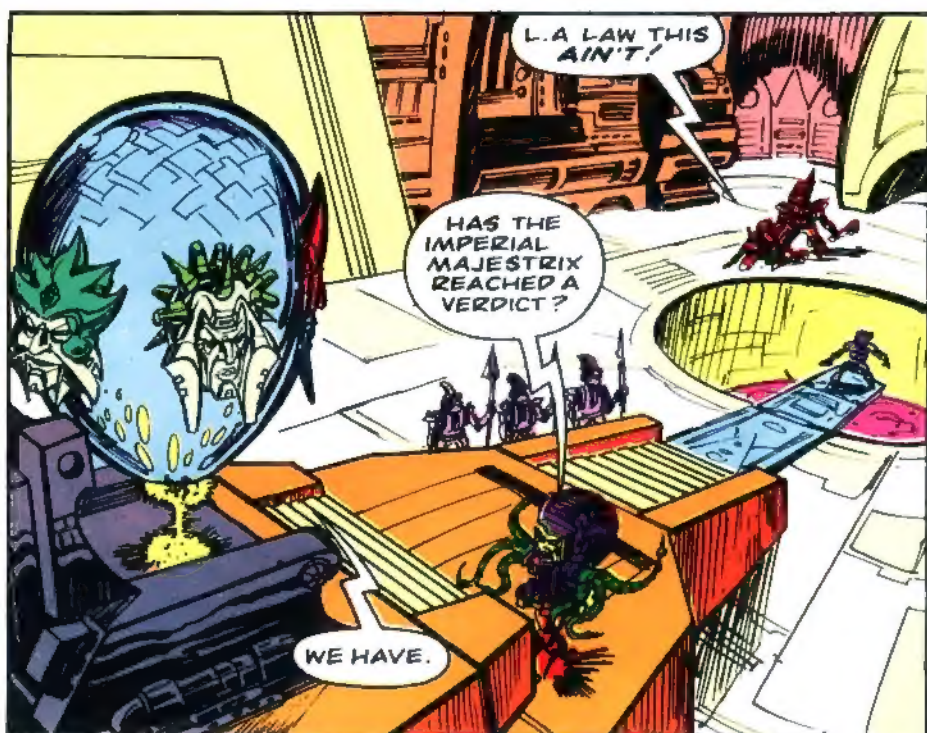
KRAK!

NO, YOU'RE
GOING TO STAND
TRIAL. AND BELIEVE
ME, THIS IS ONE
COURT...



... NO-ONE
WALKS AWAY
FROM!

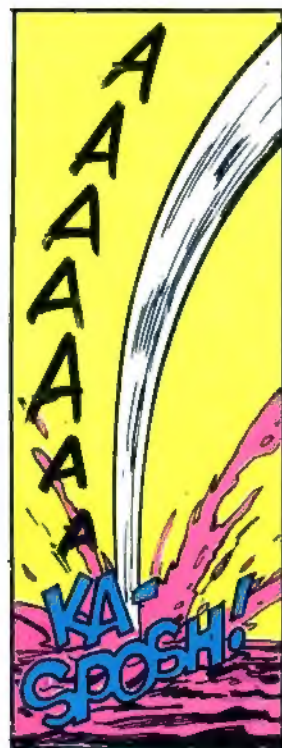
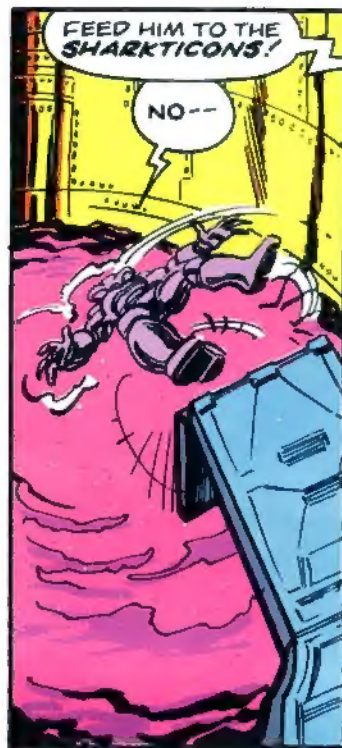
GREAT
BALLS OF
FIRE!



L.A. LAW THIS
AIN'T!

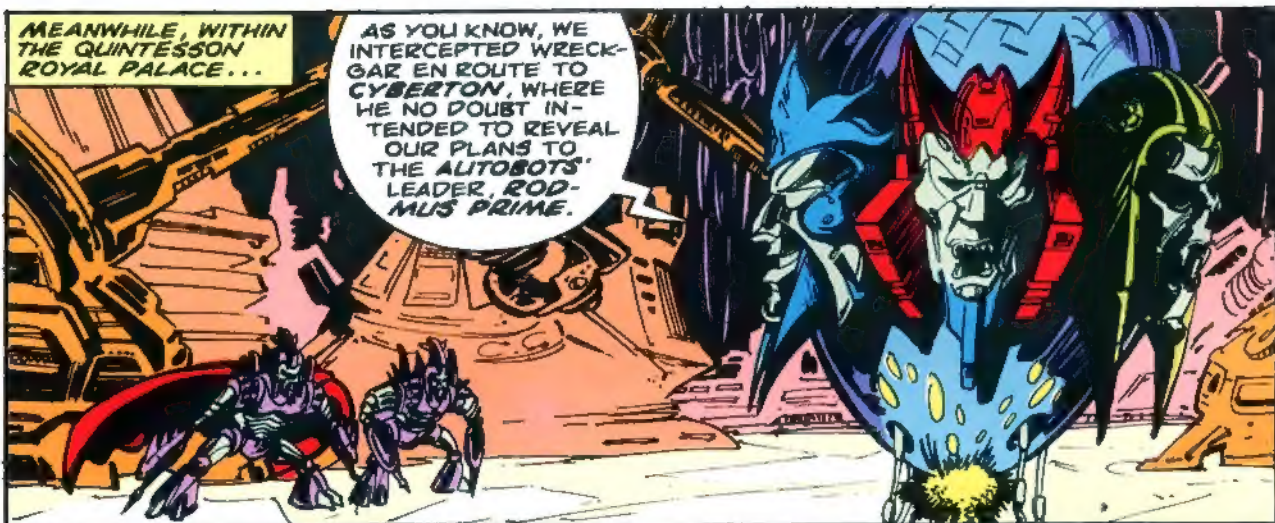
HAS THE
IMPERIAL
MAJESTRIX
REACHED A
VERDICT?

WE HAVE.



MEANWHILE, WITHIN
THE QUINTESSON
ROYAL PALACE...

AS YOU KNOW, WE
INTERCEPTED WRECK-
GAR EN ROUTE TO
CYBERTON, WHERE
HE NO DOUBT IN-
TENDED TO REVEAL
OUR PLANS TO
THE AUTOBOTS'
LEADER, ROD-
MUS PRIME.



AS WE FOUND NO TRACE
OF THE CANISTER, AND OUR
ATTEMPTS TO TORTURE
WRECK-GAR INTO REVEAL-
ING ITS WHEREABOUTS
HAVE FAILED*...



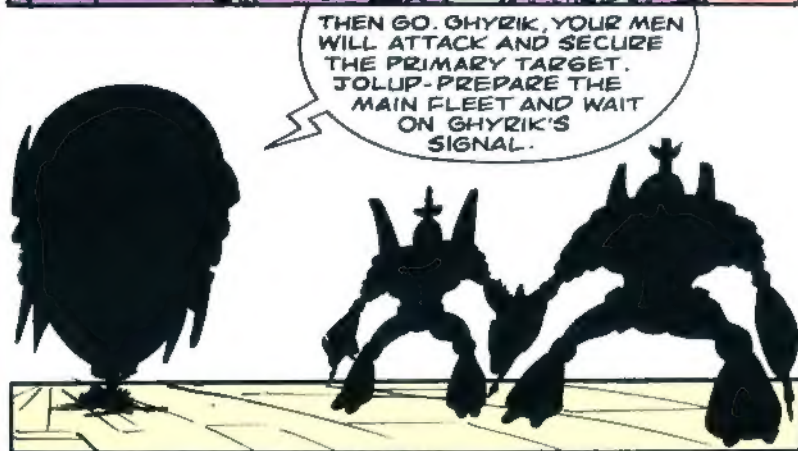
*LAST ISSUE.

... WE HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO SWITCH ALL EFFORTS
TO THE BACK-UP PLAN.
ANY QUESTIONS?

NO, MY
LORD.

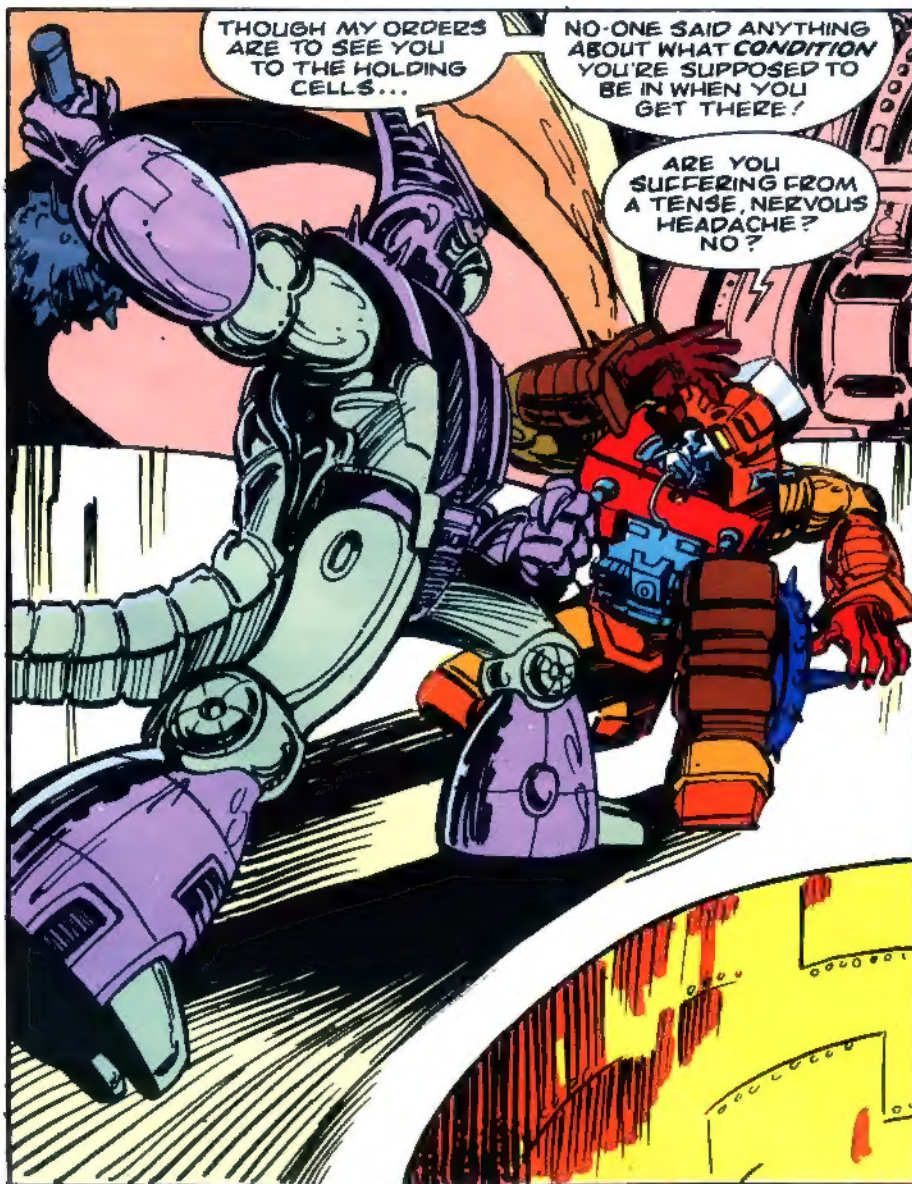
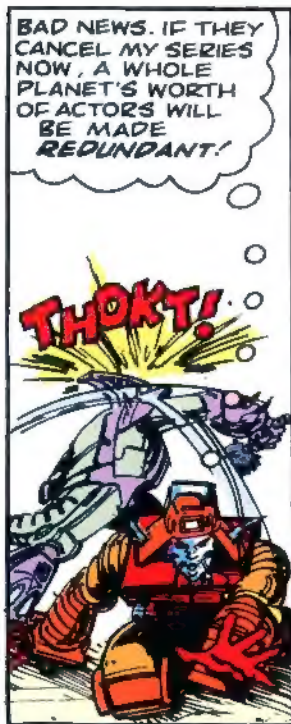
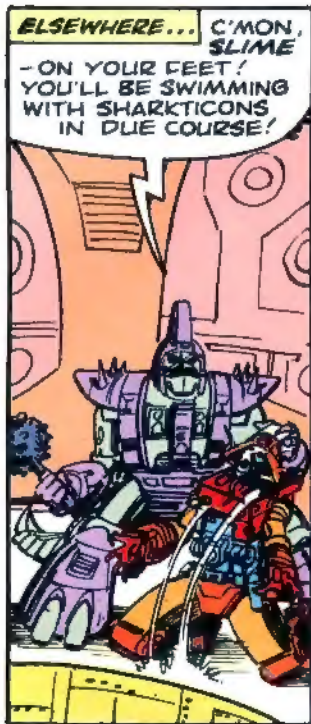


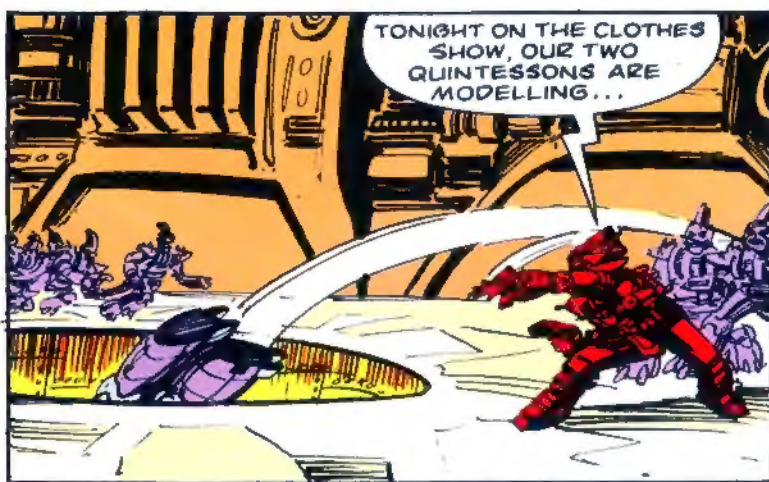
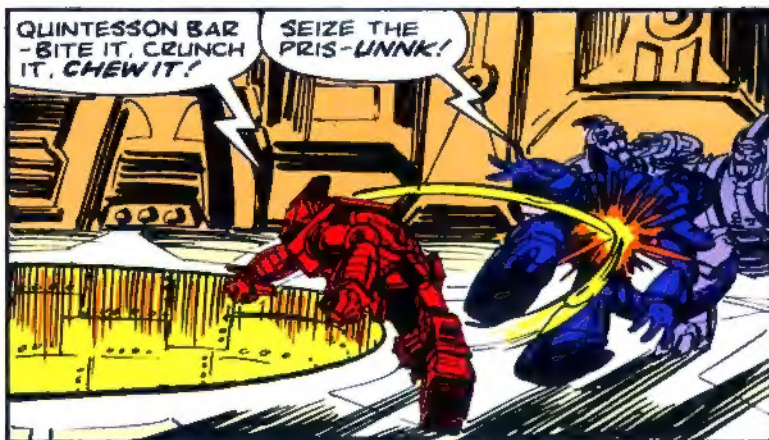
THEN GO. GHYRIK, YOUR MEN
WILL ATTACK AND SECURE
THE PRIMARY TARGET.
JOLUP-PREPARE THE
MAIN FLEET AND WAIT
ON GHYRIK'S
SIGNAL.

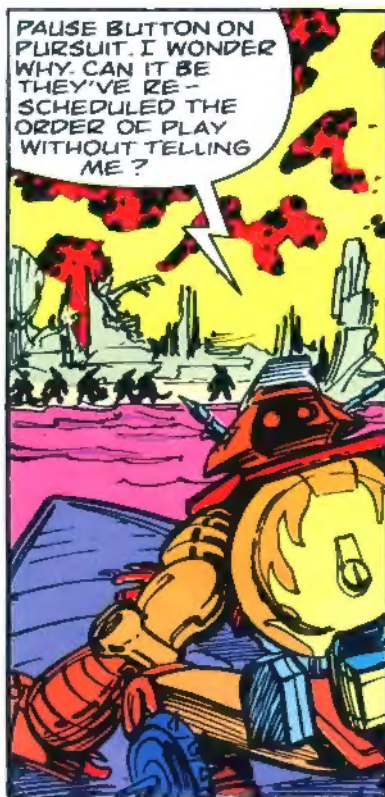
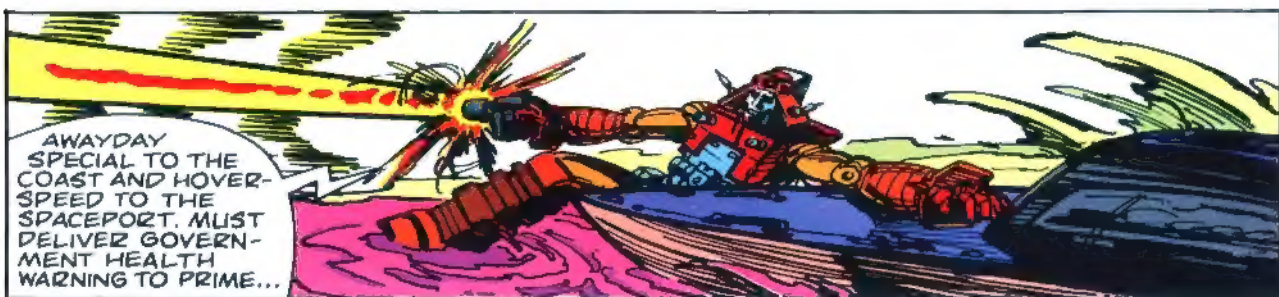
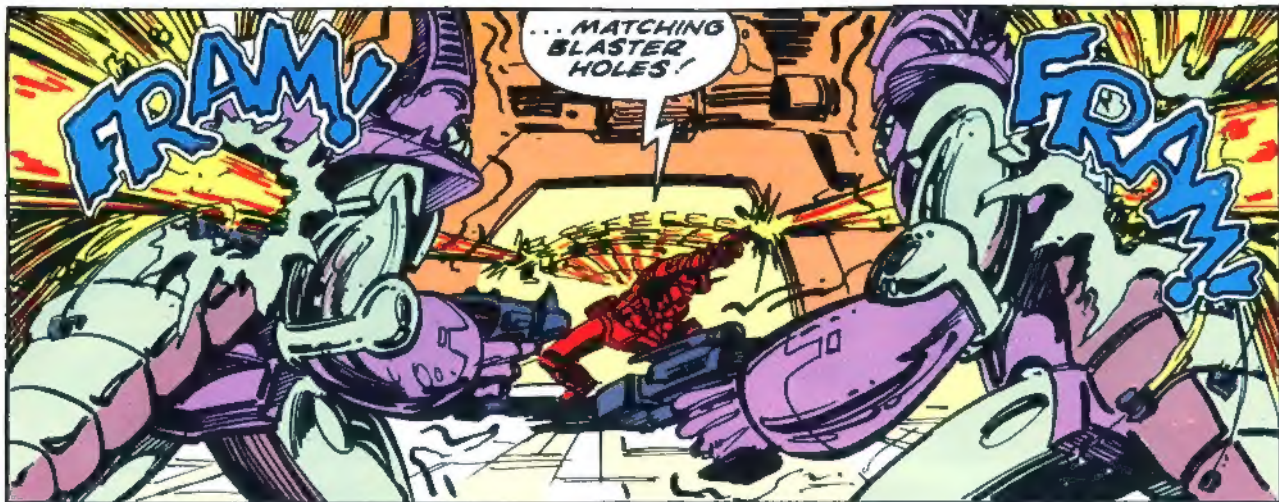


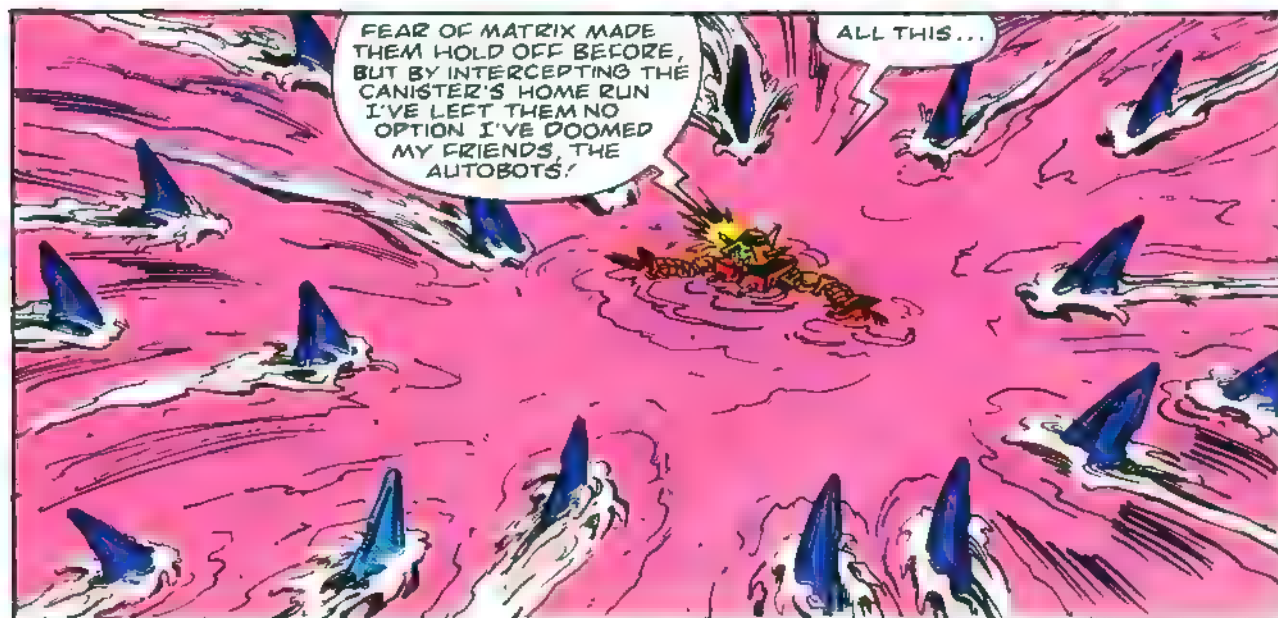
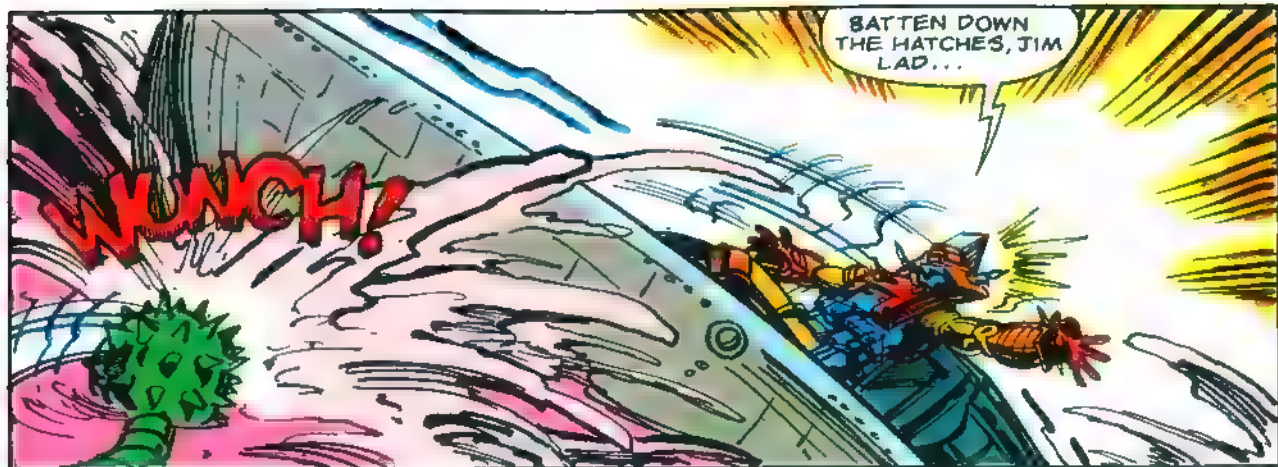
BE SWIFT, BE BRUTAL,
MY WARRIORS! THE FATE
OF OUR RACE RESTS
WITH YOU!

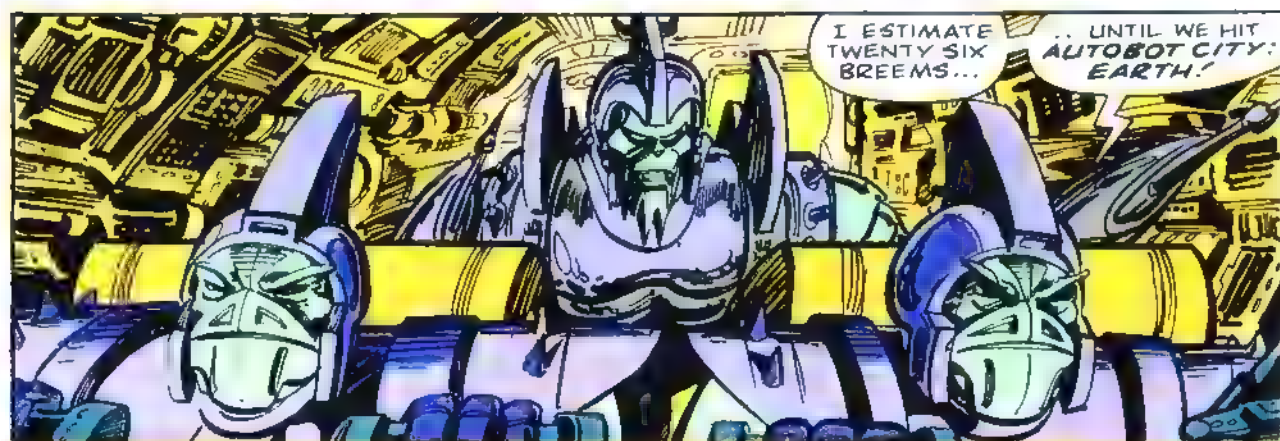
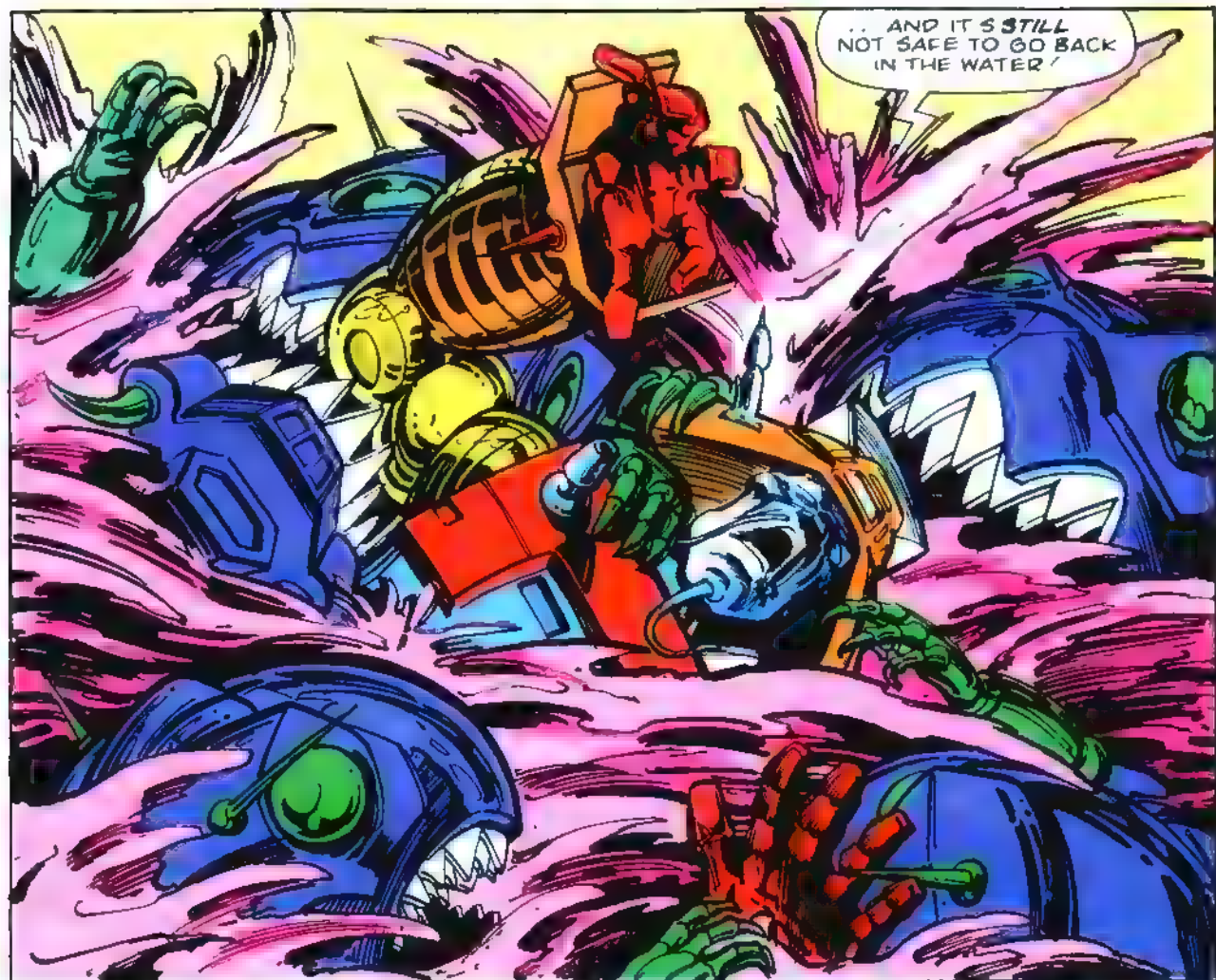












NEXT:

PLAN OF ATTACK!

MARVEL®

NEW
LOOK
ISSUE!

17th Sept. 88

№183 35p

U.S.\$1.45 CAN.\$1.85

THE TRANSFORMERS

and

VISIONARIES

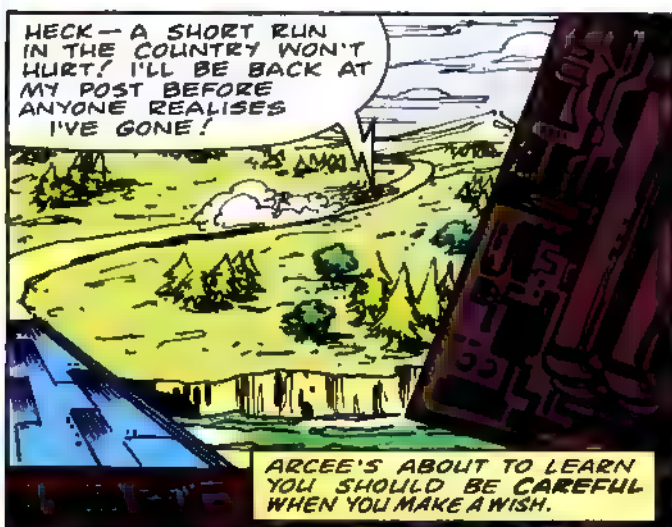
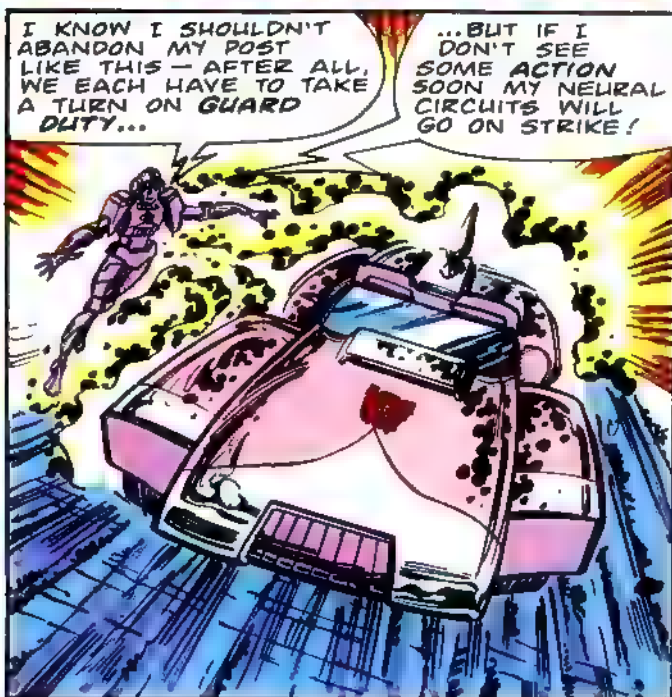
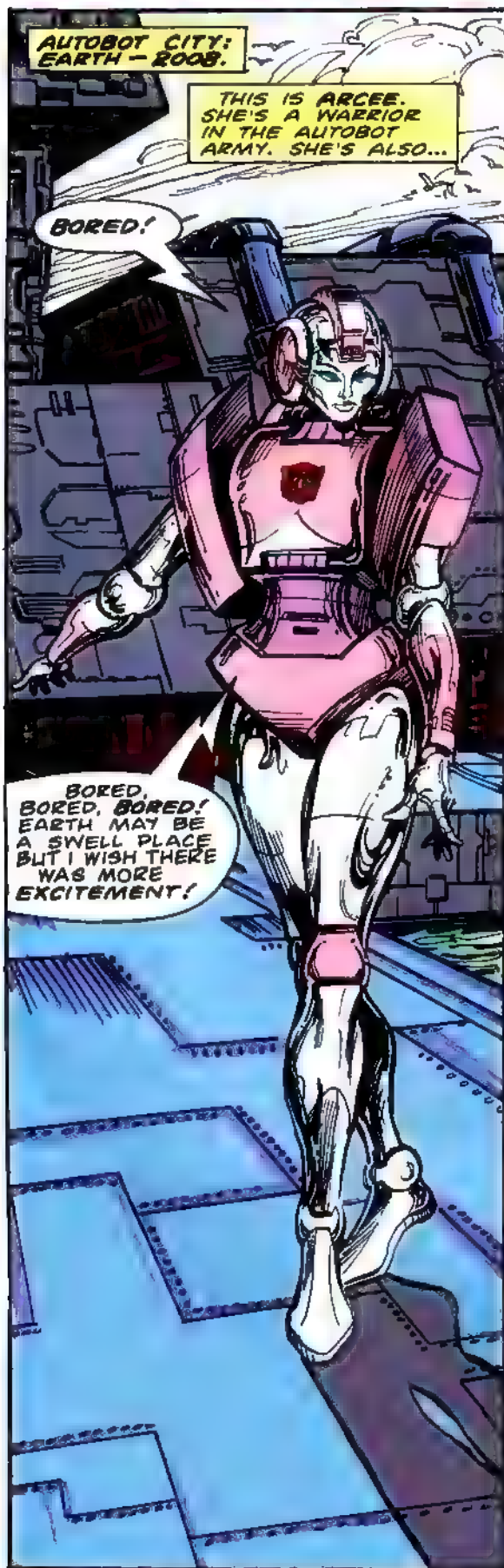


ARCEE...

DECEASED?

Φ 88

TRANSFORMERS™



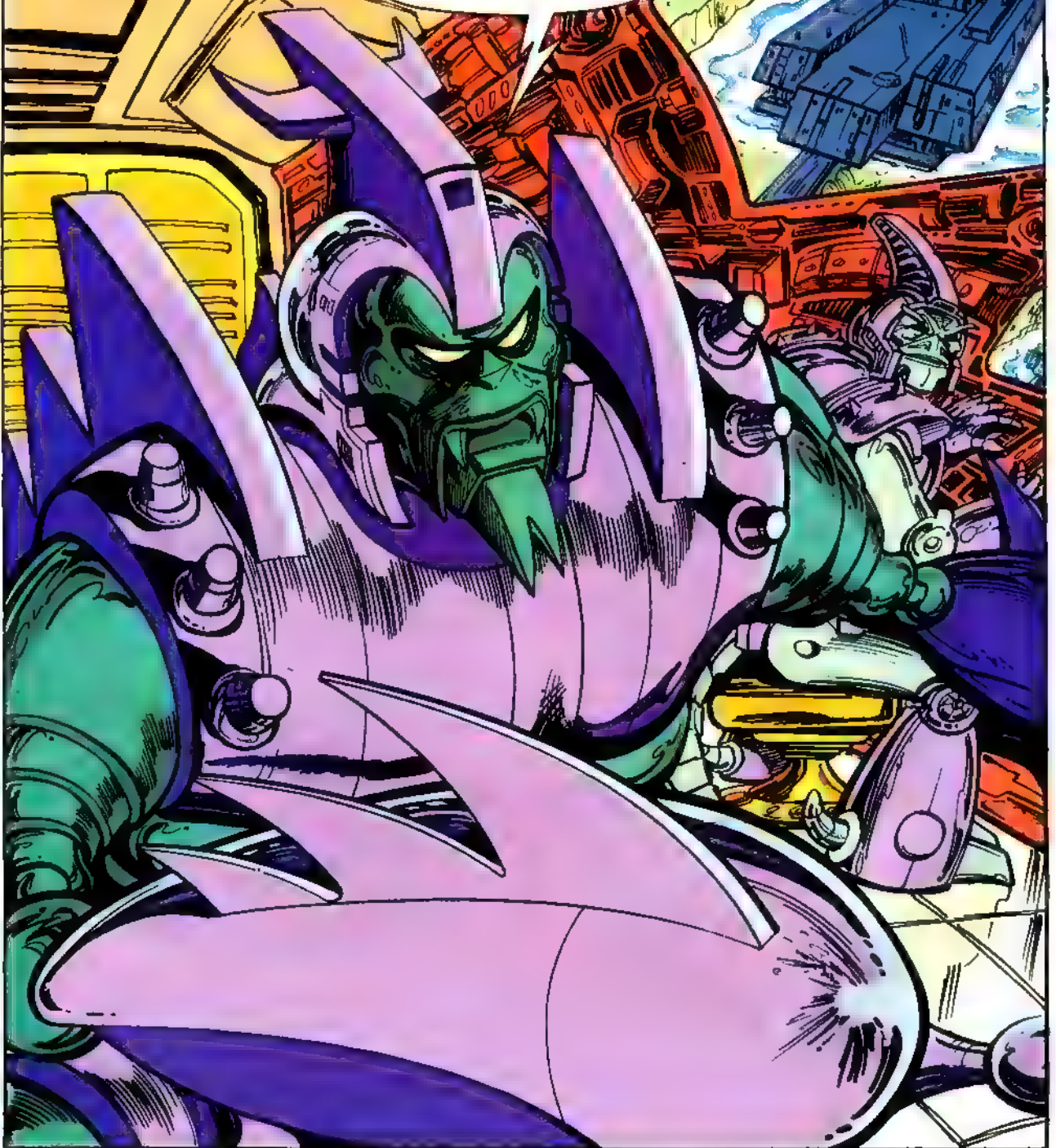
SPACE PIRATES!

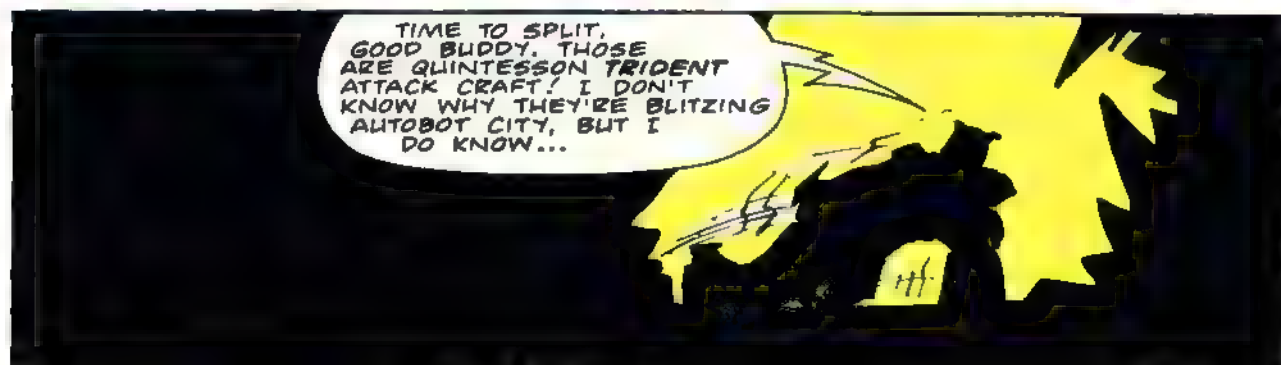
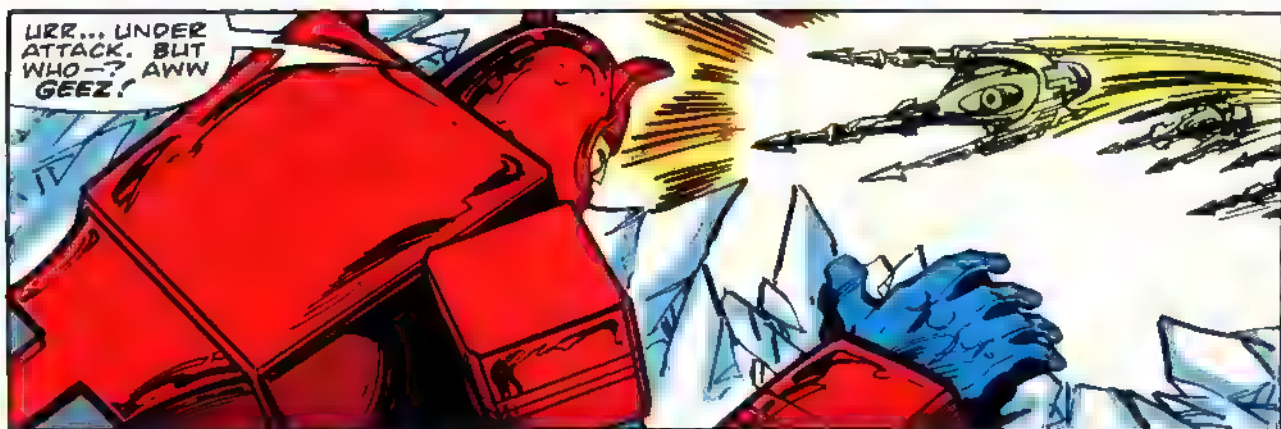
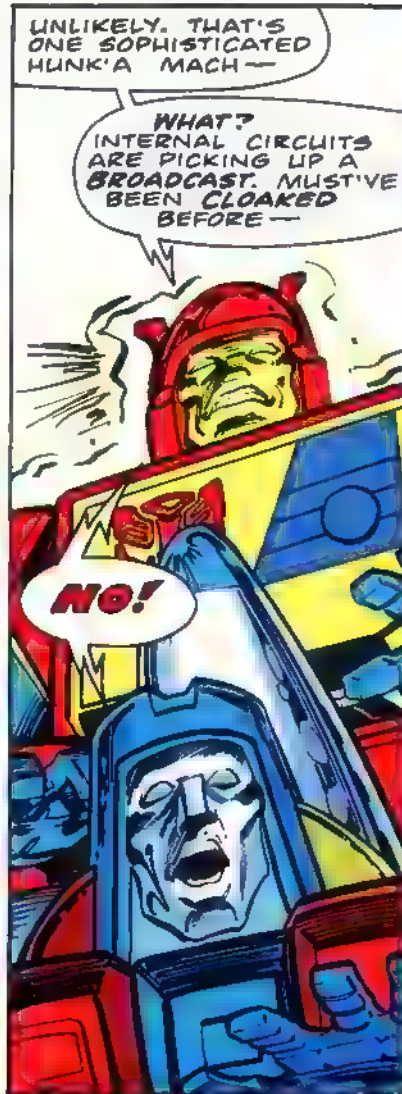
PART
2

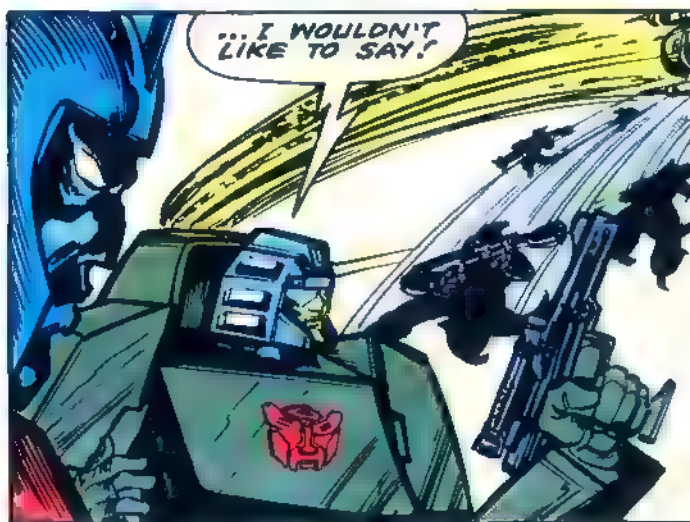
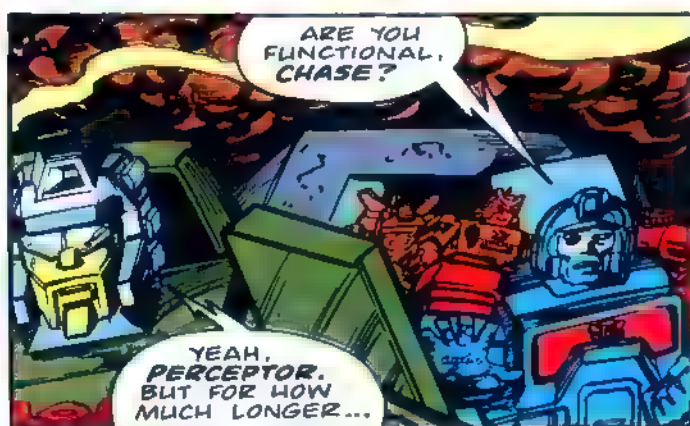
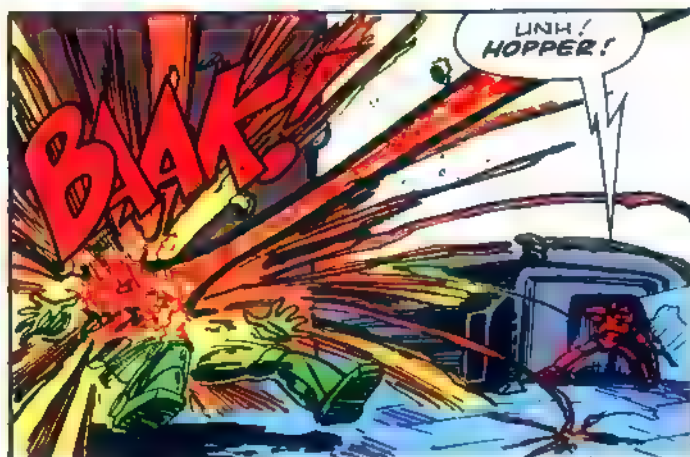
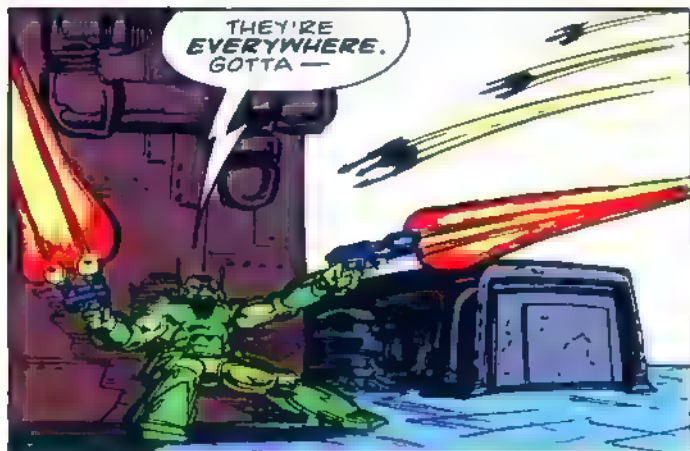
...YOU GET MORE THAN
YOU BARGAINED FOR.'

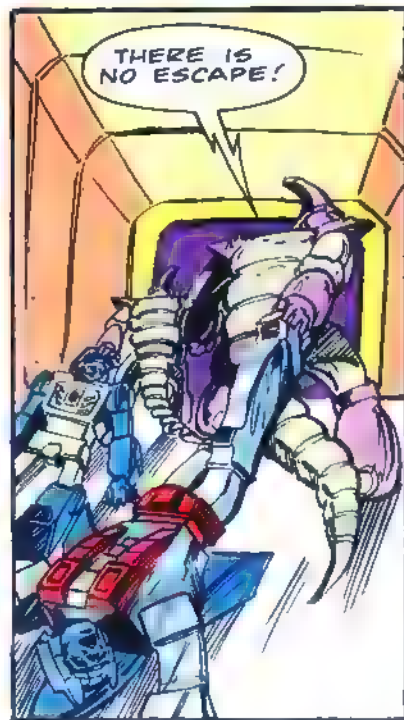
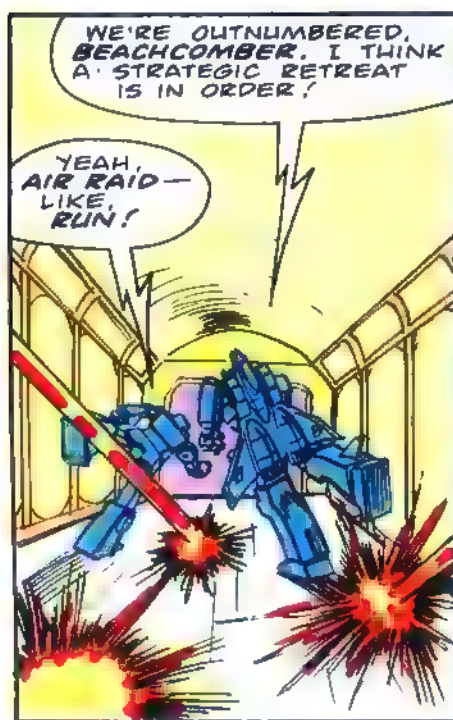
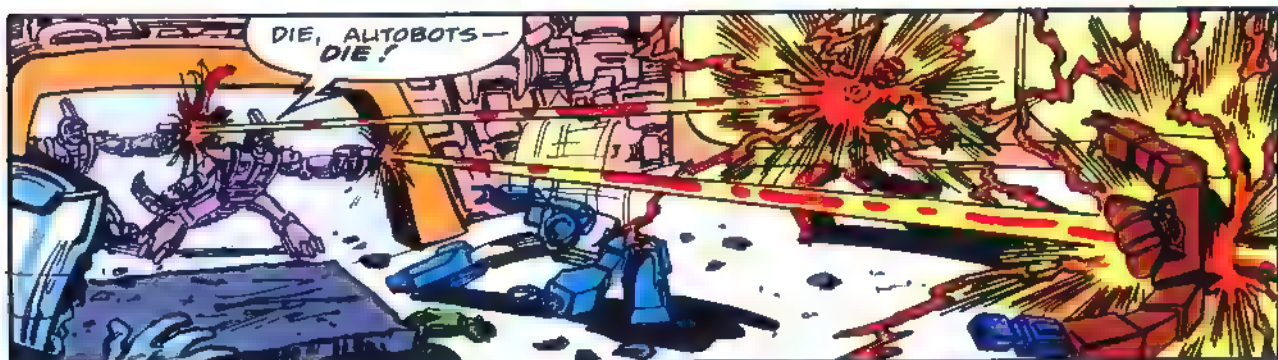
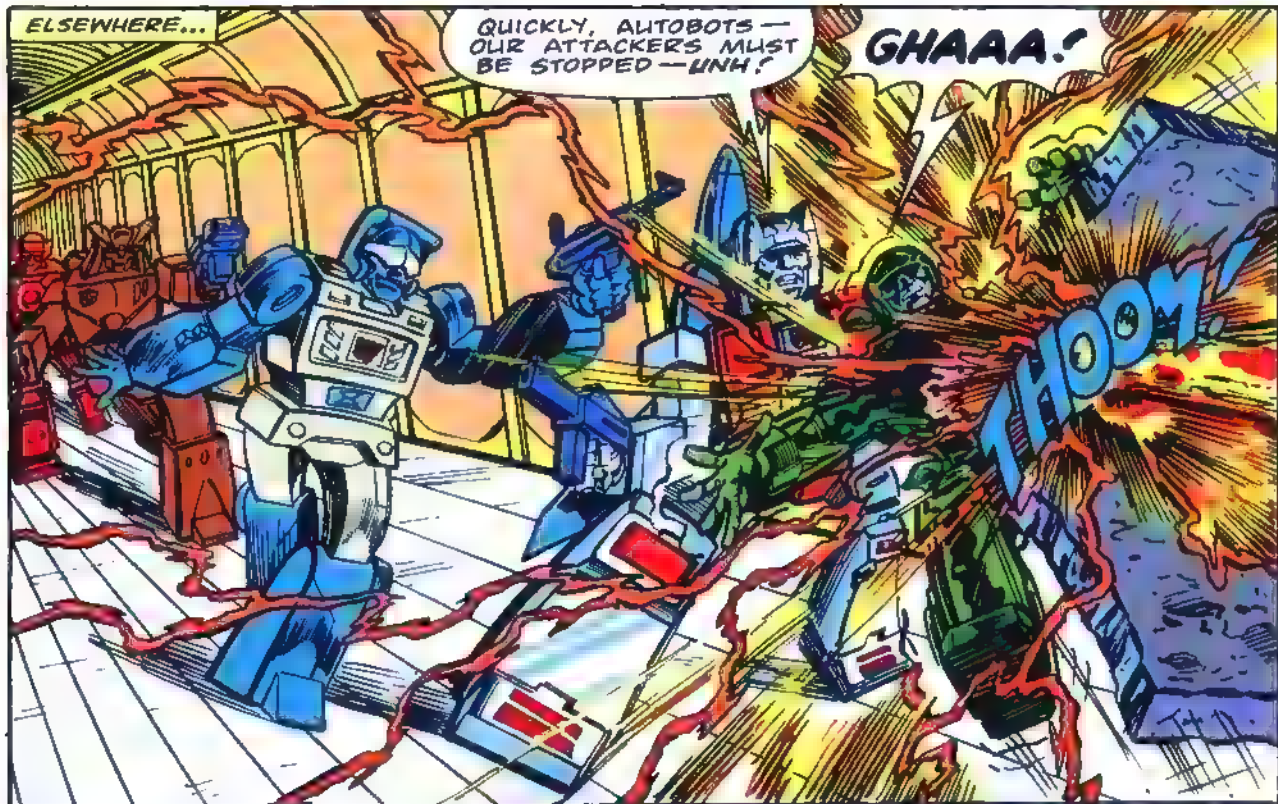
...AND THEN
ATTACK.'

AUTOBOT CITY:
EARTH MUST FALL
BEFORE THE MIGHT OF
THE QUINTESSENS.'





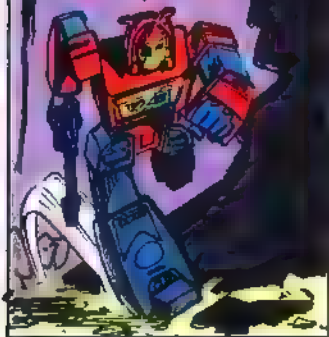




ELSEWHERE...

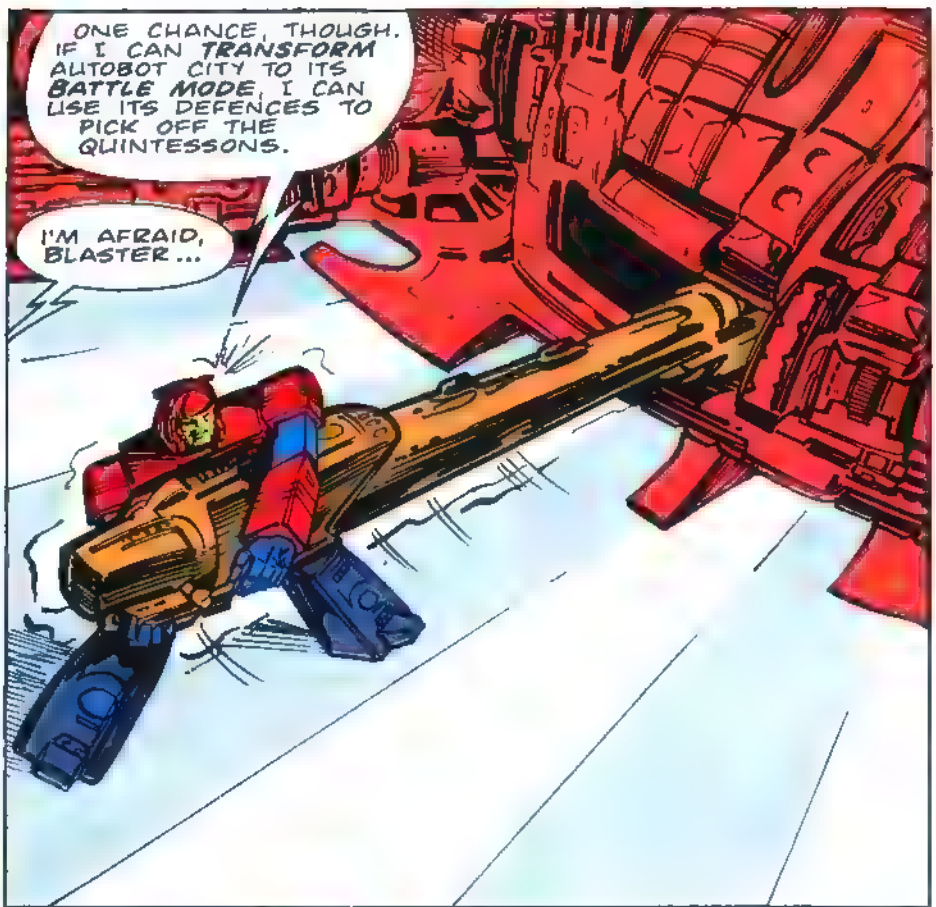
THE AUTOBOTS ARE FALLING LIKE NINEPINS! BETWEEN THEIR AIRFORCE AND THEIR GROUND TROOPS, THE QUINTESSENS ARE MASSACRING US!

CAUGHT US NAPPING, AND NOW WE'RE PAYING THE PRICE!



ONE CHANCE, THOUGH. IF I CAN TRANSFORM AUTOBOT CITY TO ITS BATTLE MODE, I CAN USE ITS DEFENCES TO PICK OFF THE QUINTESSENS.

I'M AFRAID, BLASTER...

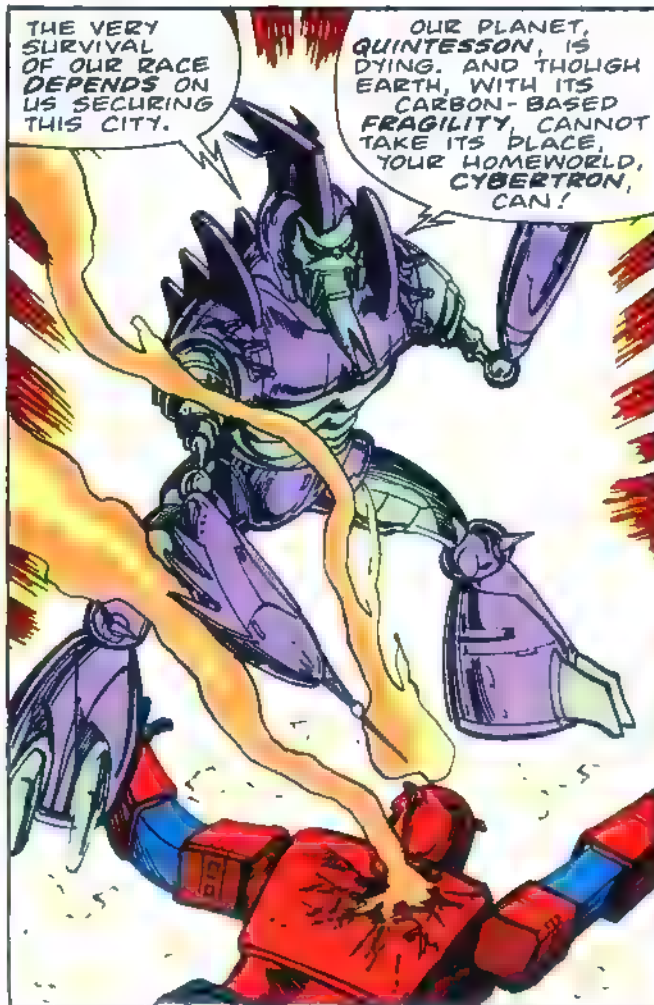


...I CANNOT ALLOW THAT!



THE VERY SURVIVAL OF OUR RACE DEPENDS ON US SECURING THIS CITY.

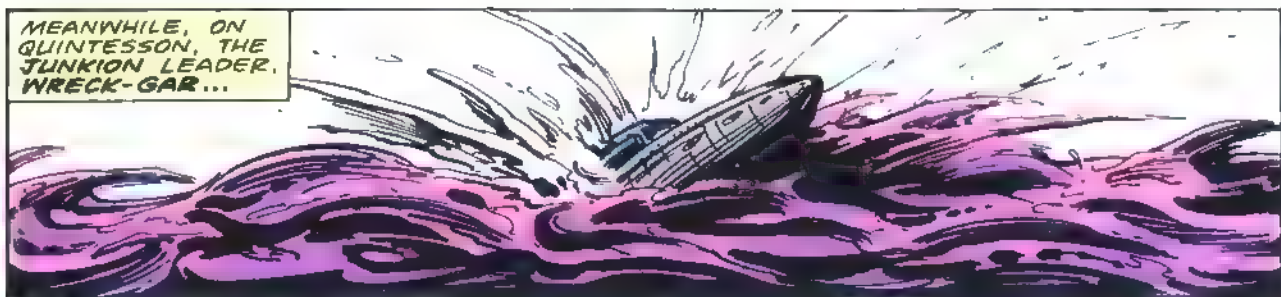
OUR PLANET, QUINTESSON, IS DYING. AND THOUGH EARTH, WITH ITS CARBON-BASED FRAGILITY, CANNOT TAKE ITS PLACE, YOUR HOMEWORLD, CYBERTRON, CAN!



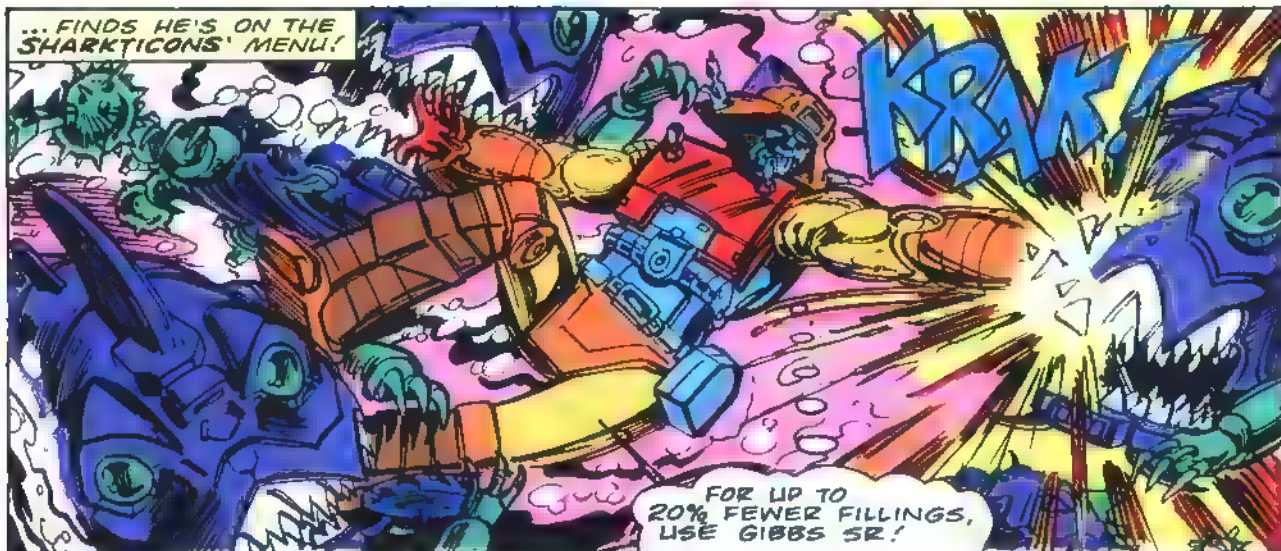
"FOR OUR RACE TO LIVE, YOURS MUST DIE!"



MEANWHILE, ON
QUINTESSON, THE
JUNKION LEADER,
WRECK-GAR...



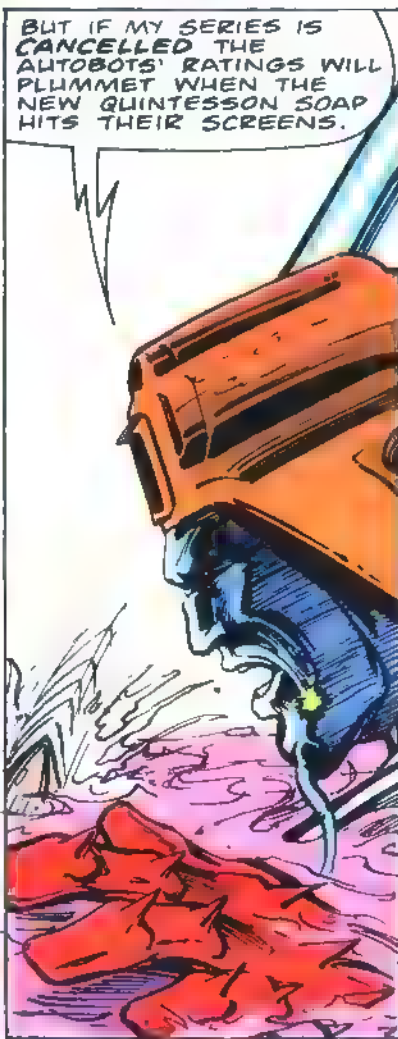
... FINDS HE'S ON THE
SHARKTICONS' MENU!



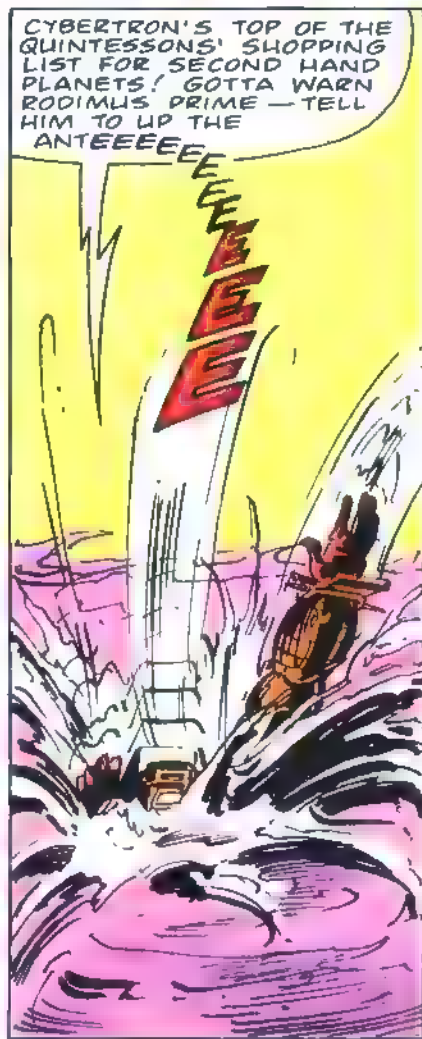
UNH! MADE THE GREAT
ESCAPE FROM THE
QUINTESSONS' PRISON,
ONLY TO END UP AS THE
SWEET YOU CAN EAT
BETWEEN MEALS!

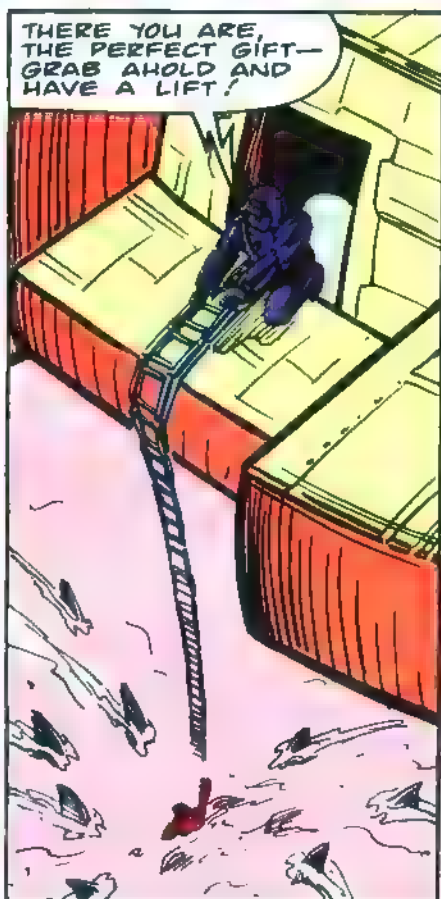
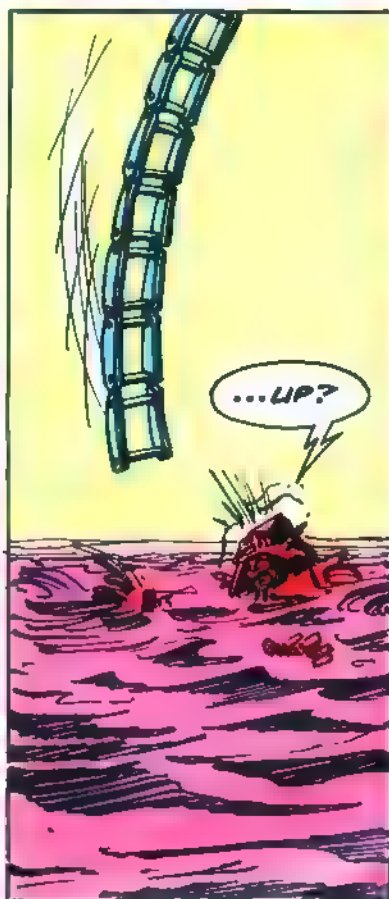
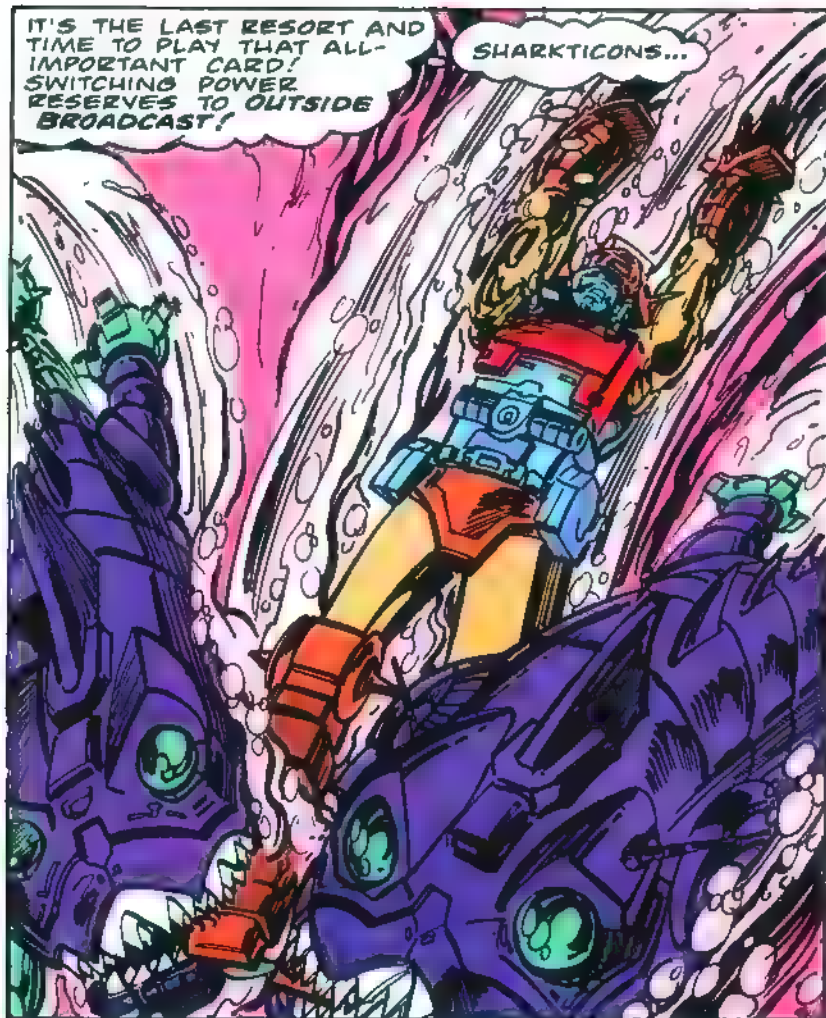


BUT IF MY SERIES IS
CANCELLED THE
AUTOBOTS' RATINGS WILL
PLUMMET WHEN THE
NEW QUINTESSON SOAP
HITS THEIR SCREENS.



CYBERTRON'S TOP OF THE
QUINTESSONS' SHOPPING
LIST FOR SECOND HAND
PLANETS! GOTTA WARN
RODIMUS PRIME — TELL
HIM TO UP THE
ANTEEEEEEE

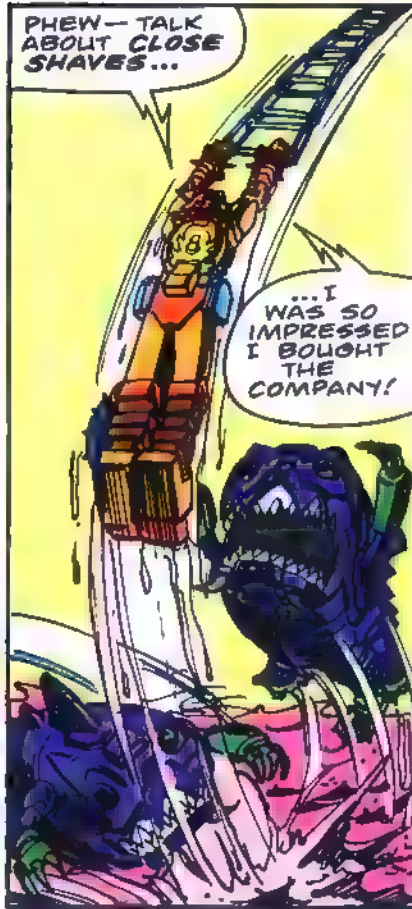




NO TIME TO WASTE,
SO DON'T DELAY—
CLIMB ABOARD,
LET'S BE AWAY.

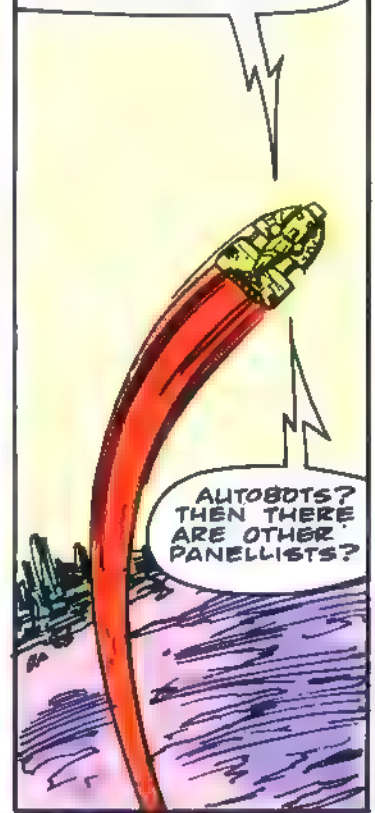


PHEW—TALK
ABOUT CLOSE
SHAVES...



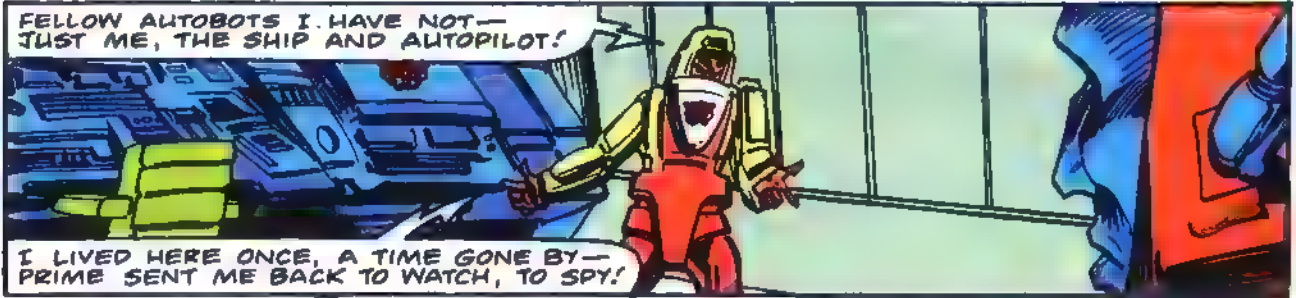
...I
WAS SO
IMPRESSED
I BOUGHT
THE
COMPANY!

GREETINGS, WRECK-GAR,
FROM THE AUTOBOTS—
LET WHEELIE TEND
TO YOUR RUST SPOTS!



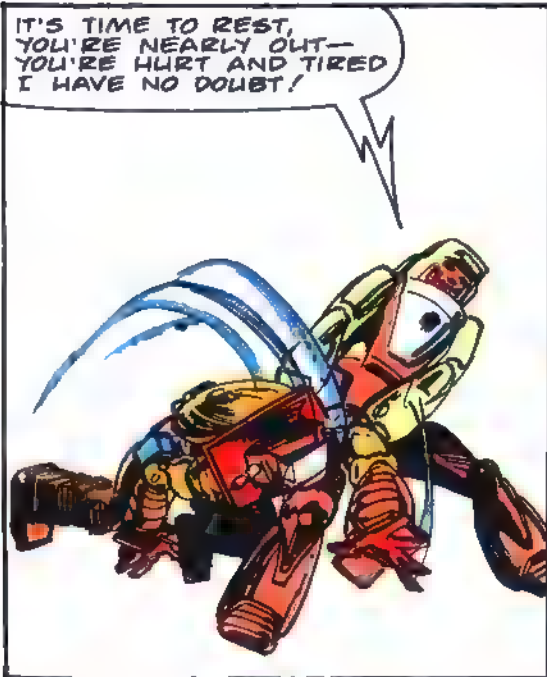
AUTOBOTS?
THEN THERE
ARE OTHER
PANELLISTS?

FELLOW AUTOBOTS I HAVE NOT—
JUST ME, THE SHIP AND AUTOPILOT!

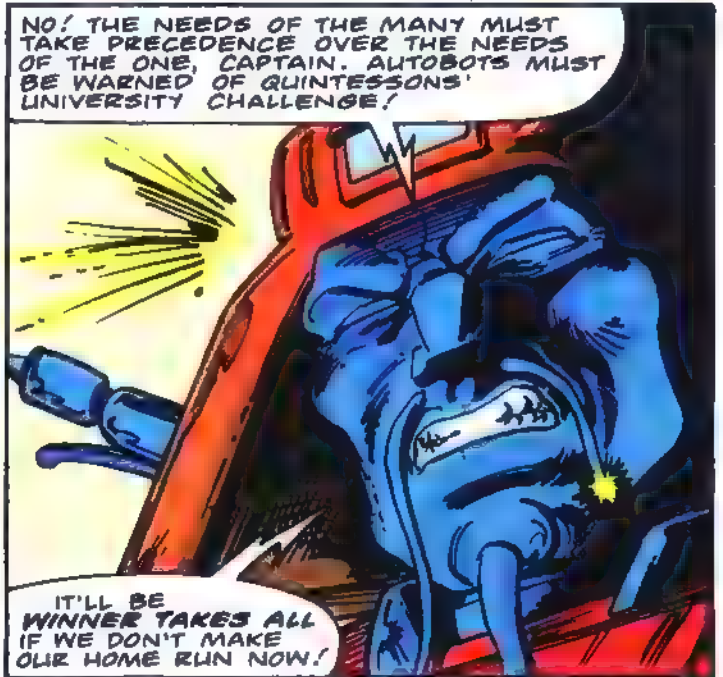


I LIVED HERE ONCE, A TIME GONE BY—
PRIME SENT ME BACK TO WATCH, TO SPY!

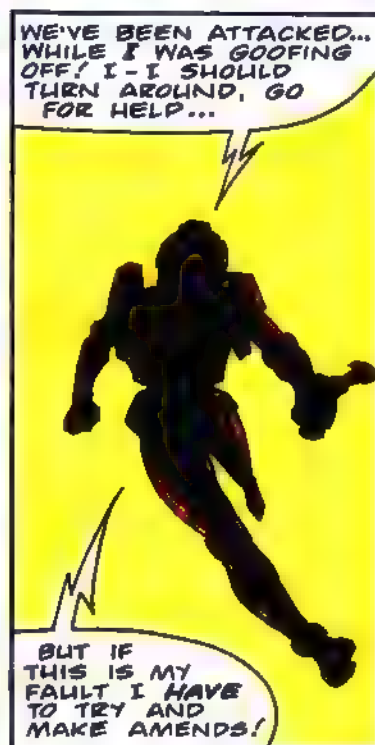
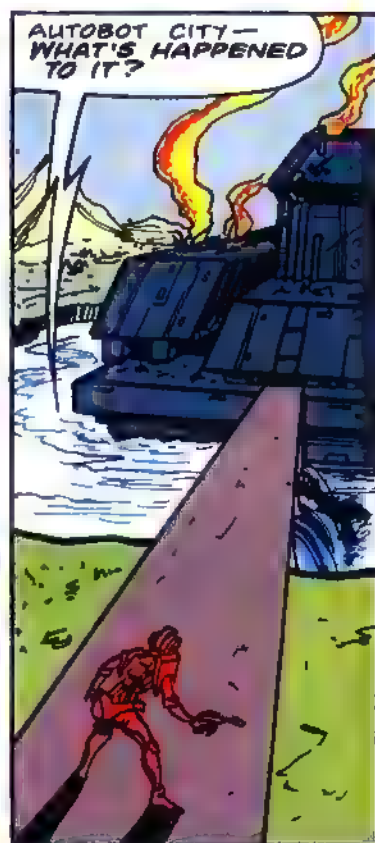
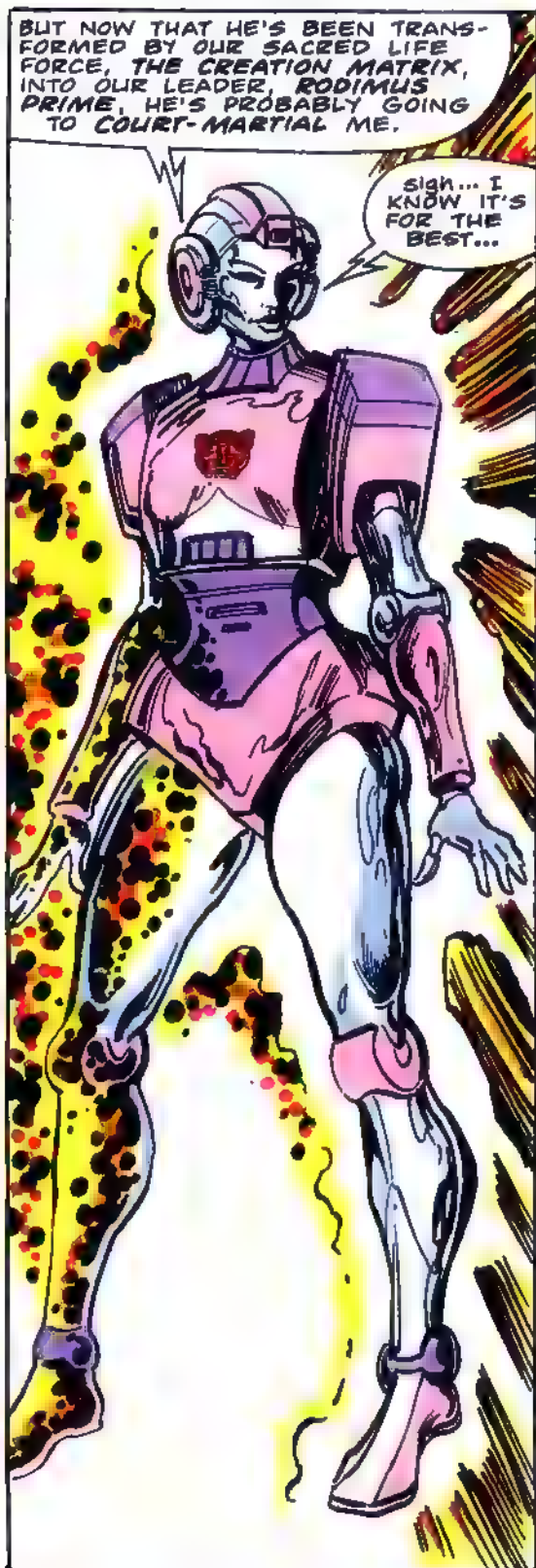
IT'S TIME TO REST,
YOU'RE NEARLY OUT—
YOU'RE HURT AND TIRED
I HAVE NO DOUBT!

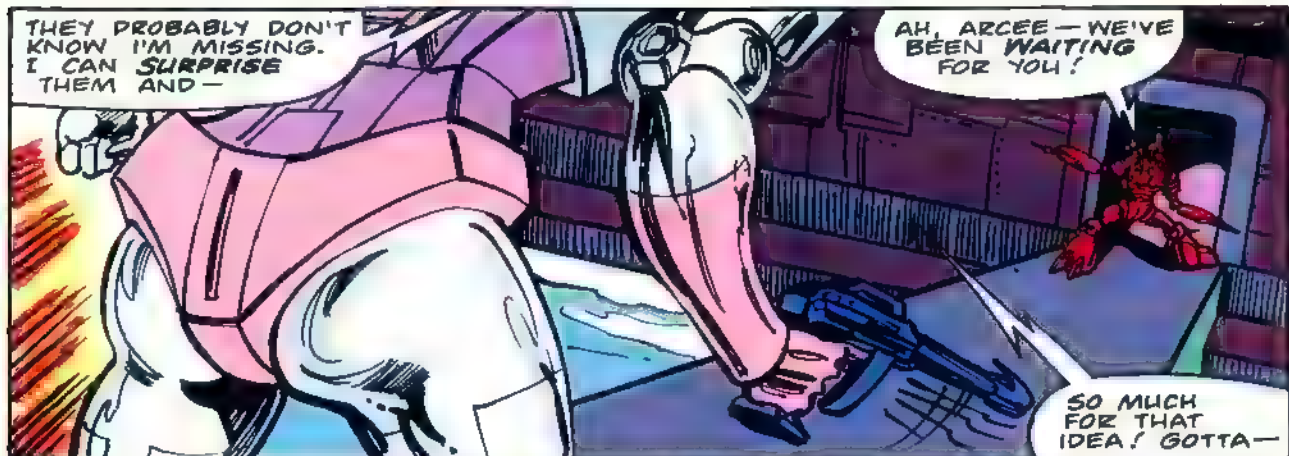


NO! THE NEEDS OF THE MANY MUST
TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER THE NEEDS
OF THE ONE, CAPTAIN. AUTOBOTS MUST
BE WARNED OF QUINTESSONS'
UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE!



IT'LL BE
WINNER TAKES ALL
IF WE DON'T MAKE
OUR HOME RUN NOW!

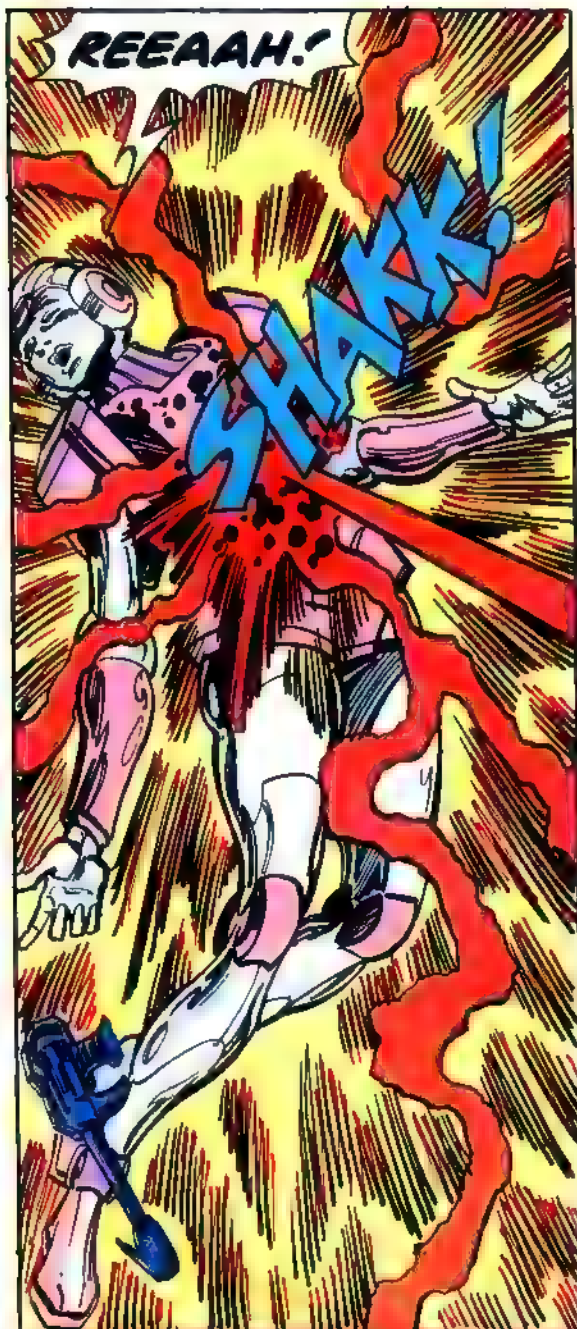




THEY PROBABLY DON'T
KNOW I'M MISSING.
I CAN SURPRISE
THEM AND—

AH, ARCEE—WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!

SO MUCH
FOR THAT
IDEA! GOTTA—



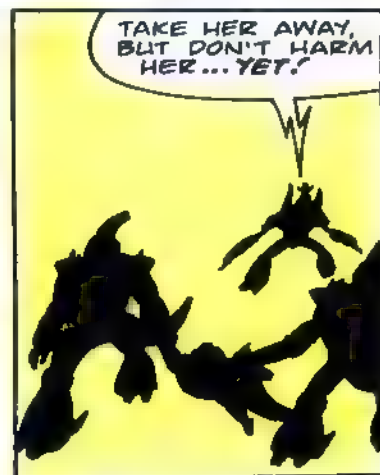
REEAAH!

SHAKK!



EXCELLENT.
PHASE ONE IS
NOW COMPLETE.
OUR VICTORY
OVER THE
AUTOBOTS IS
CLOSE NOW.

ONE
ACT OF
BETRAYAL
BY YOU,
ARCEE, AND
THE FINAL
OBSTACLE
WILL BE
REMOVED.

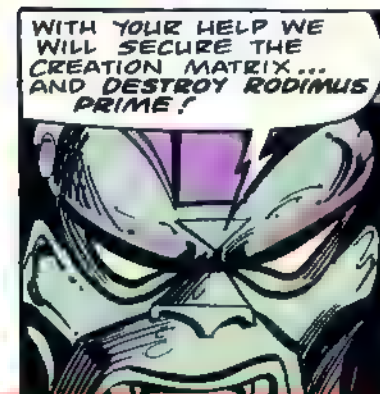


TAKE HER AWAY,
BUT DON'T HARM
HER... YET!



YOU'RE MAD,
QUINTESSON! I'LL
NEVER BETRAY THE
AUTOBOTS—NEVER!

OH, BUT
YOU WILL!



WITH YOUR HELP WE
WILL SECURE THE
CREATION MATRIX...
AND DESTROY RODIMUS
PRIME!



NEXT:

PURSUIT!

MARVEL®

OPTIMUS
PRIME
TOYS
TO BE
WON!

24th Sept. 88

№184 35p

U.S.\$1.45 CAN.\$1.85

THE

TRANSFORMERS



and

VISIONARIES



WHAT **IS**
GOING ON
AROUND HERE!

TRANSFORMERS™

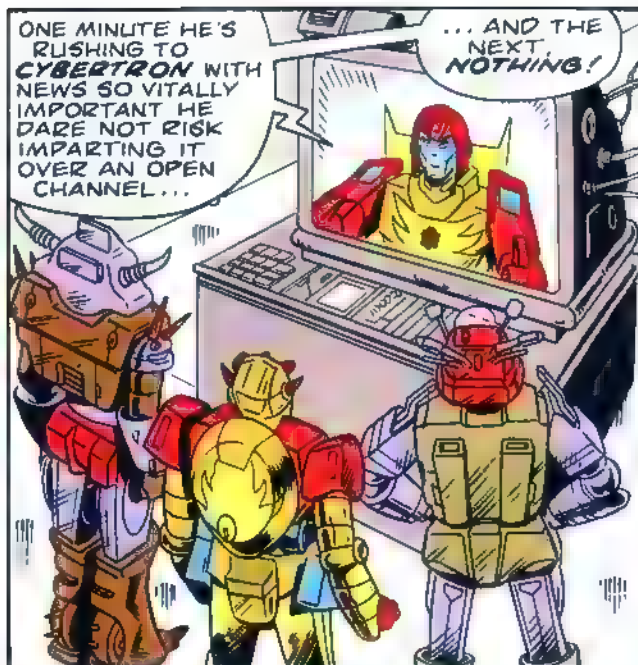
SPACE PIRATES!

THE PLANET OF JUNK,
EARTH DATE: 2008

PART 3

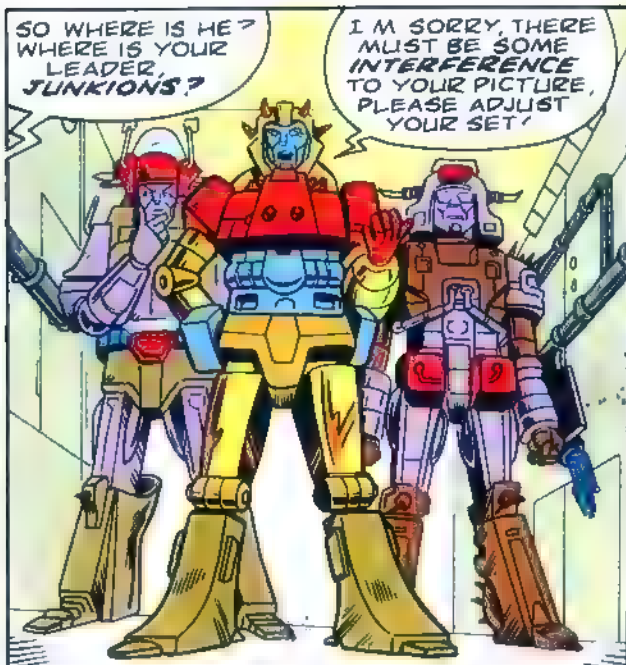
WHERE
IS
WRECK-
GAR?

0467:09



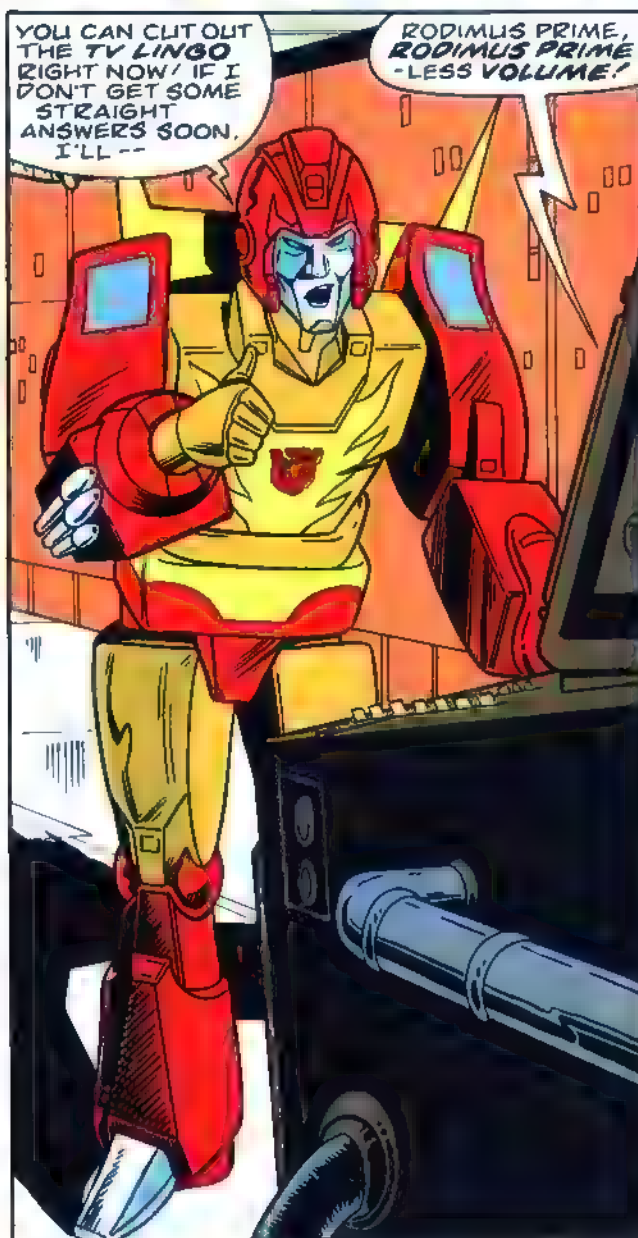
ONE MINUTE HE'S RUSHING TO CYBERTRON WITH NEWS SO VITALLY IMPORTANT HE DARE NOT RISK IMPARTING IT OVER AN OPEN CHANNEL...

... AND THE NEXT NOTHING!



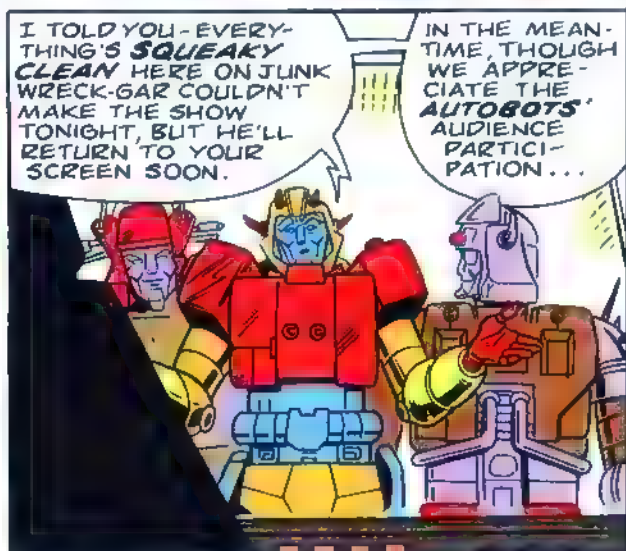
SO WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS YOUR LEADER, JUNKIONS?

I'M SORRY, THERE MUST BE SOME INTERFERENCE TO YOUR PICTURE, PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SET!



YOU CAN CUT OUT THE TV LINGO RIGHT NOW! IF I DON'T GET SOME STRAIGHT ANSWERS SOON, I'LL --

RODIMUS PRIME, RODIMUS PRIME - LESS VOLUME!



I TOLD YOU - EVERYTHING'S SQUEAKY CLEAN HERE ON JUNK WRECK-GAR COULDN'T MAKE THE SHOW TONIGHT, BUT HE'LL RETURN TO YOUR SCREEN SOON.

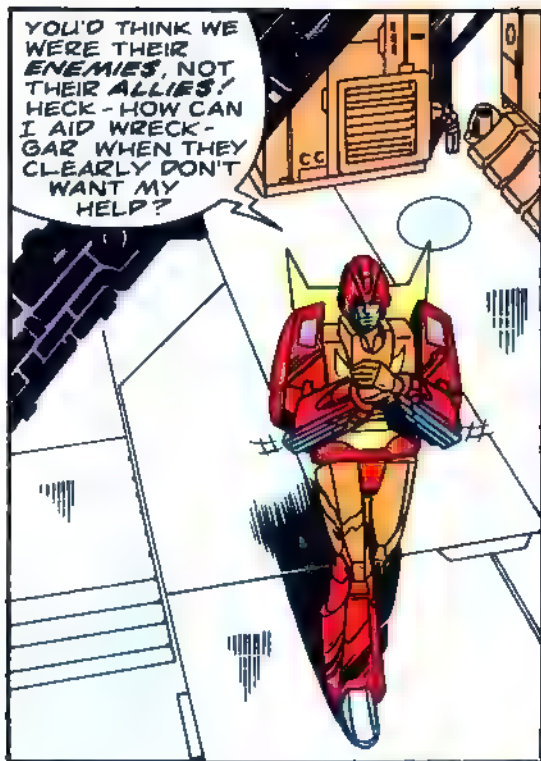
IN THE MEAN-TIME, THOUGH WE APPRECIATE THE **AUTOBOTS'** AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION...



... I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME FOR CLOSEDOWN!

Doooo!

WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT - THEY CUT TRANSMISSION!

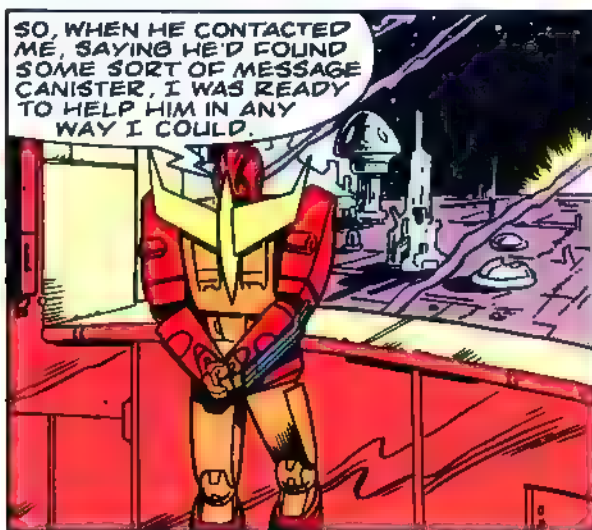


YOU'D THINK WE WERE THEIR **ENEMIES**, NOT THEIR **ALLIES**! HECK - HOW CAN I AID WRECK-GAR WHEN THEY CLEARLY DON'T WANT MY HELP?

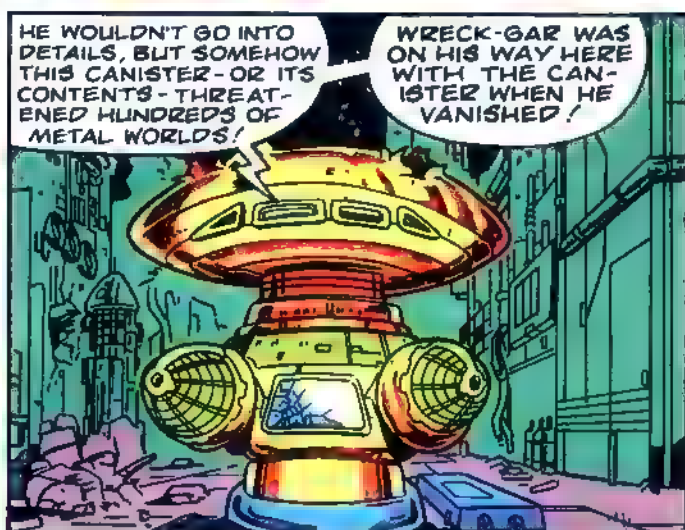


TWICE NOW WRECK-GAR'S AIDED US AGAINST THE PLANET-DEVOURING BEING KNOWN AS **UNICRON**. HE HELPED SAVE OUR WORLD, **CYBERTRON**, AND OUR LIVES.

AND MORE, HE BECAME MY **FRIEND**!



SO, WHEN HE CONTACTED ME, SAYING HE'D FOUND SOME SORT OF MESSAGE CANISTER, I WAS READY TO HELP HIM IN ANY WAY I COULD.



HE WOULDN'T GO INTO DETAILS, BUT SOMEHOW THIS CANISTER - OR ITS CONTENTS - THREATENED HUNDREDS OF METAL WORLDS!

WRECK-GAR WAS ON HIS WAY HERE WITH THE CANISTER WHEN HE VANISHED!



I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, BUT WHAT? **BLURR** - WHAT IS IT?

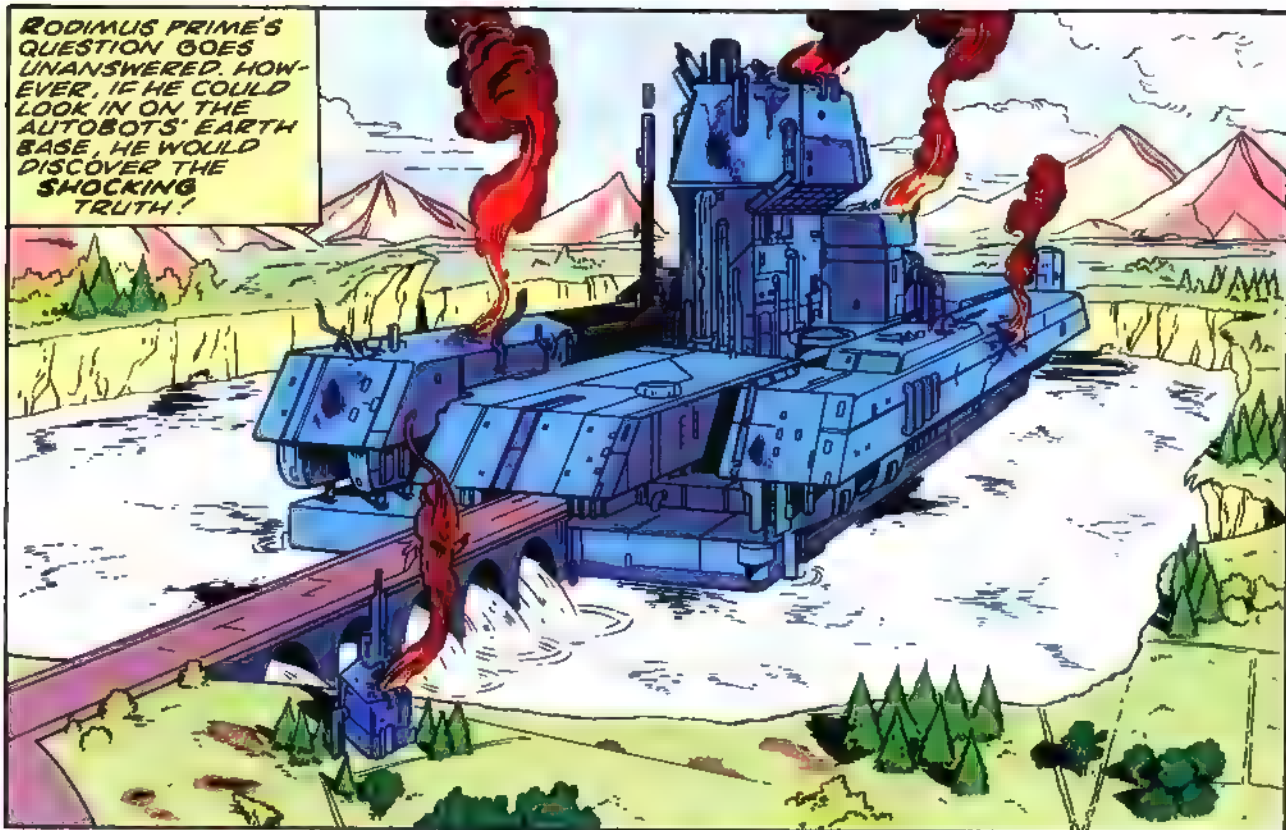
COME QUICKLY! **AUTOBOT CITY: EARTH** CAN'T BE RAISED, AND THE FAULT'S NOT MECHANICAL. SOMETHING'S WRONG THERE!



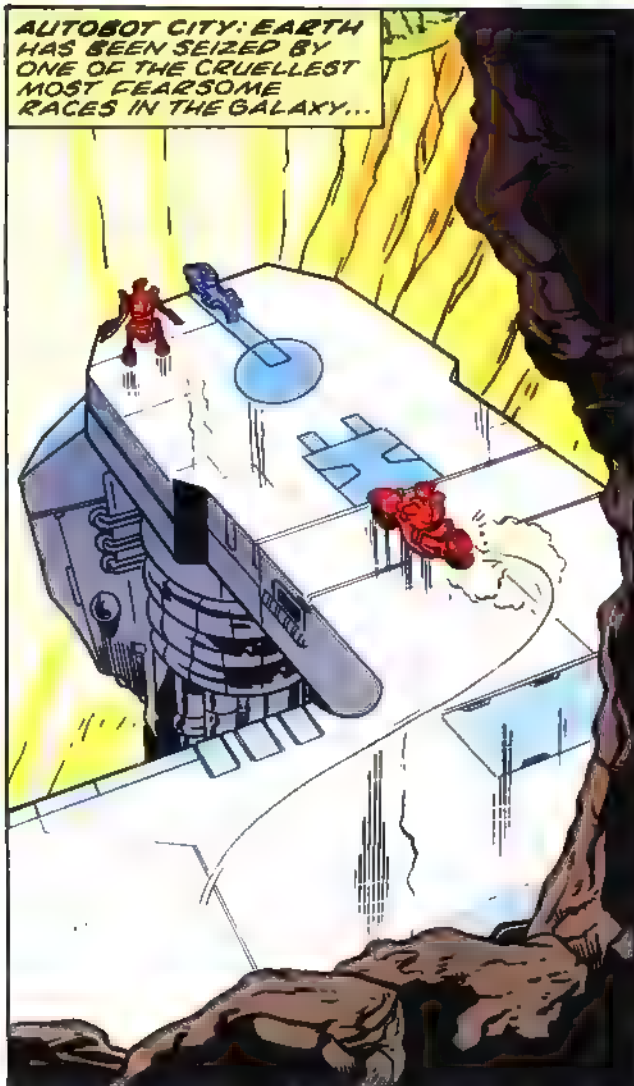
FIRST WRECK-GAR VANISHES, AND NOW **AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH** CAN'T BE RAISED!

WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

RODIMUS PRIME'S QUESTION GOES UNANSWERED. HOWEVER, IF HE COULD LOOK IN ON THE AUTOBOTS' EARTH BASE, HE WOULD DISCOVER THE SHOCKING TRUTH!



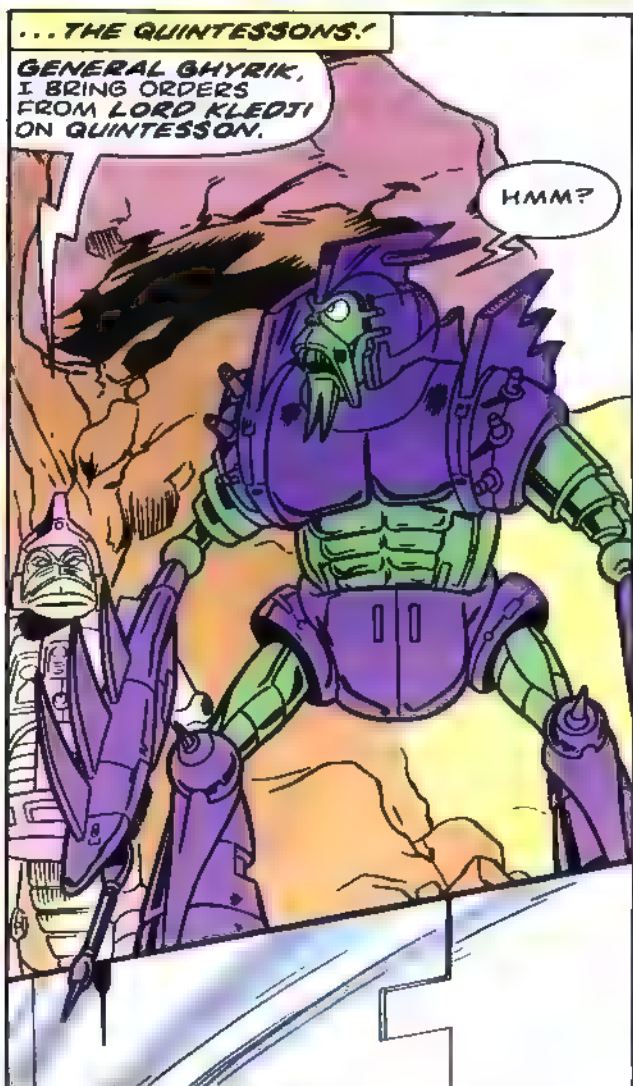
AUTOBOT CITY: EARTH HAS BEEN SEIZED BY ONE OF THE CRUELLEST MOST FEARSOME RACES IN THE GALAXY...

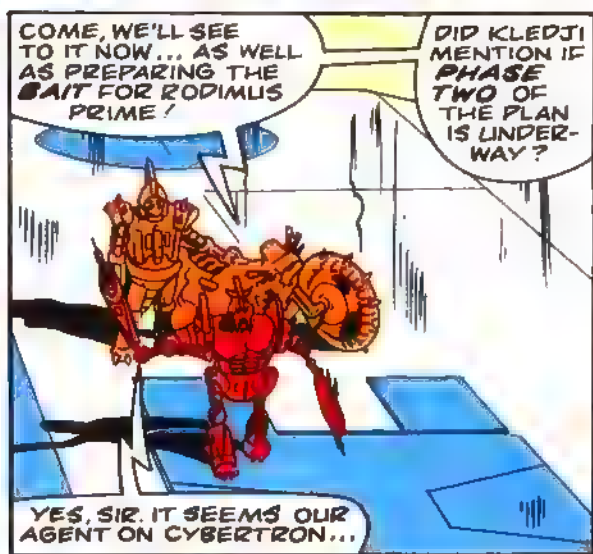
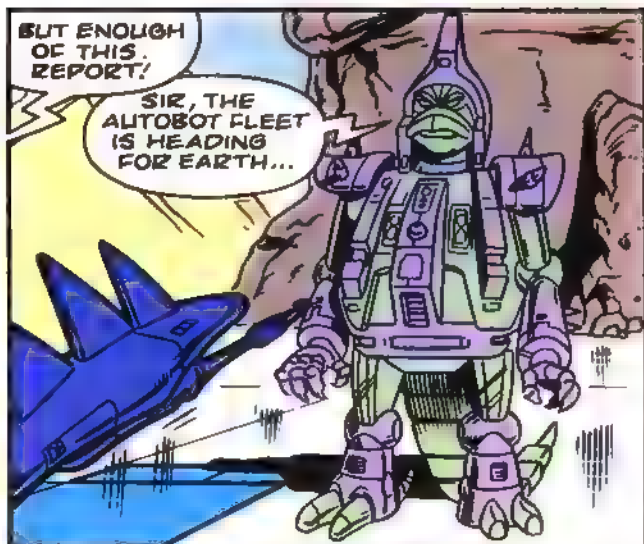
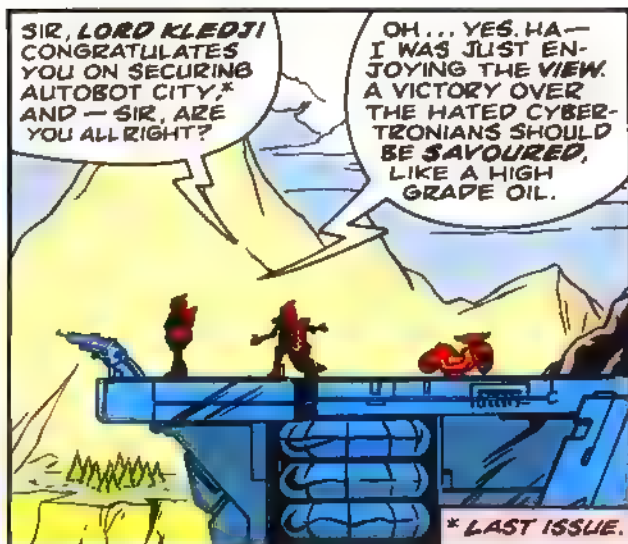


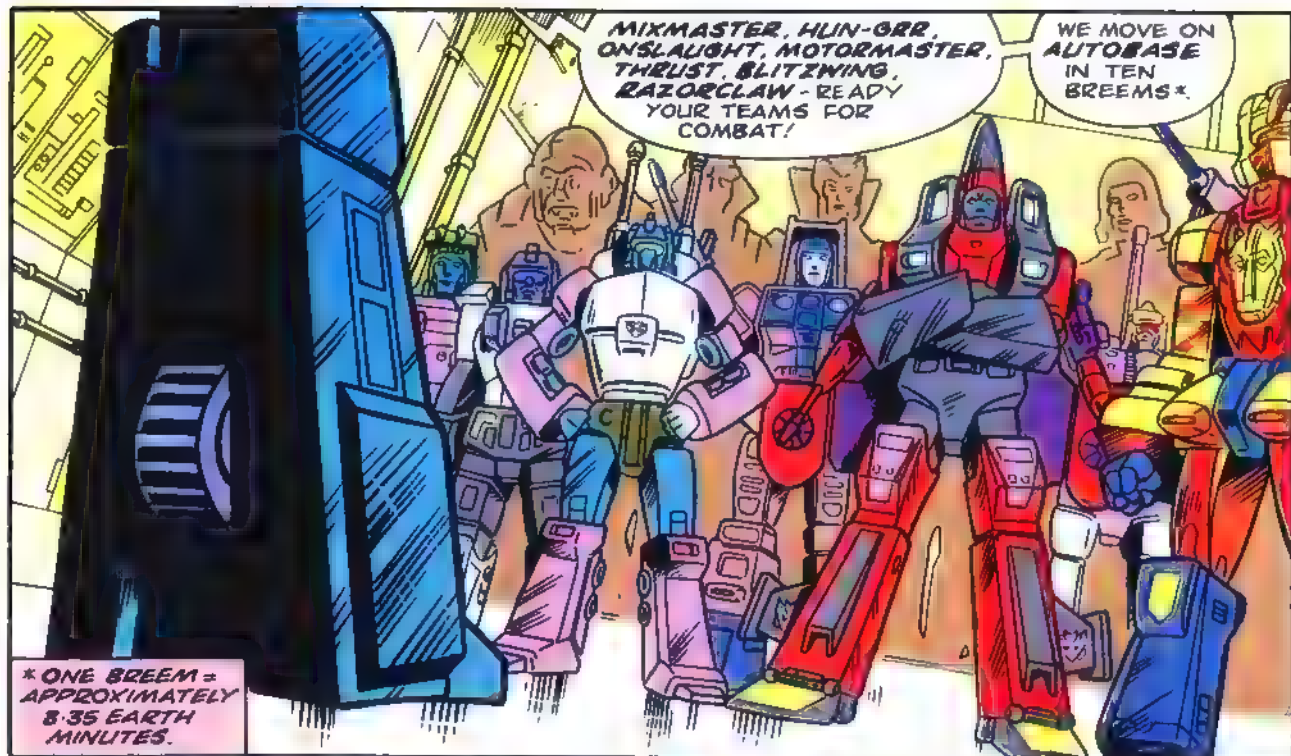
...THE QUINTESSONS!

GENERAL GHYRIK, I BRING ORDERS FROM LORD KLEDJI ON QUINTESSON.

HMM?



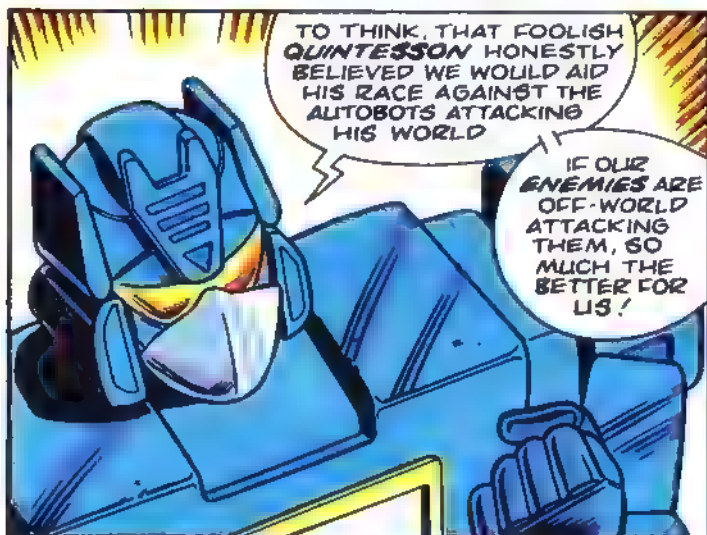




MIXMASTER, HUN-GRR,
ONSLAUGHT, MOTORMASTER,
THRUST, BLITZING,
RAZORCLAW - READY
YOUR TEAMS FOR
COMBAT!

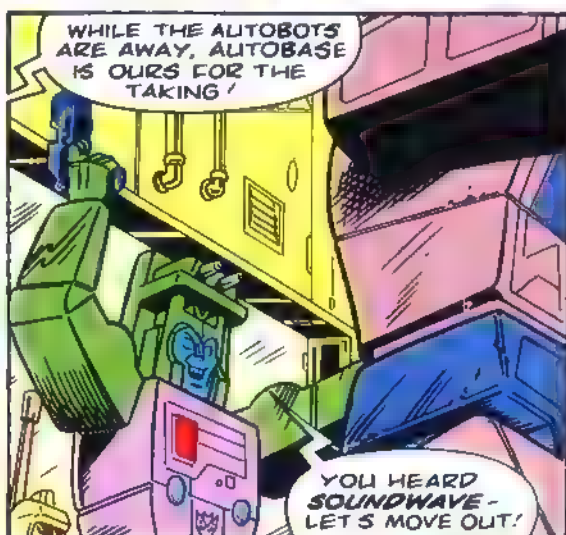
WE MOVE ON
AUTOBASE
IN TEN
BREEMS*

*ONE BREEM =
APPROXIMATELY
8.35 EARTH
MINUTES.



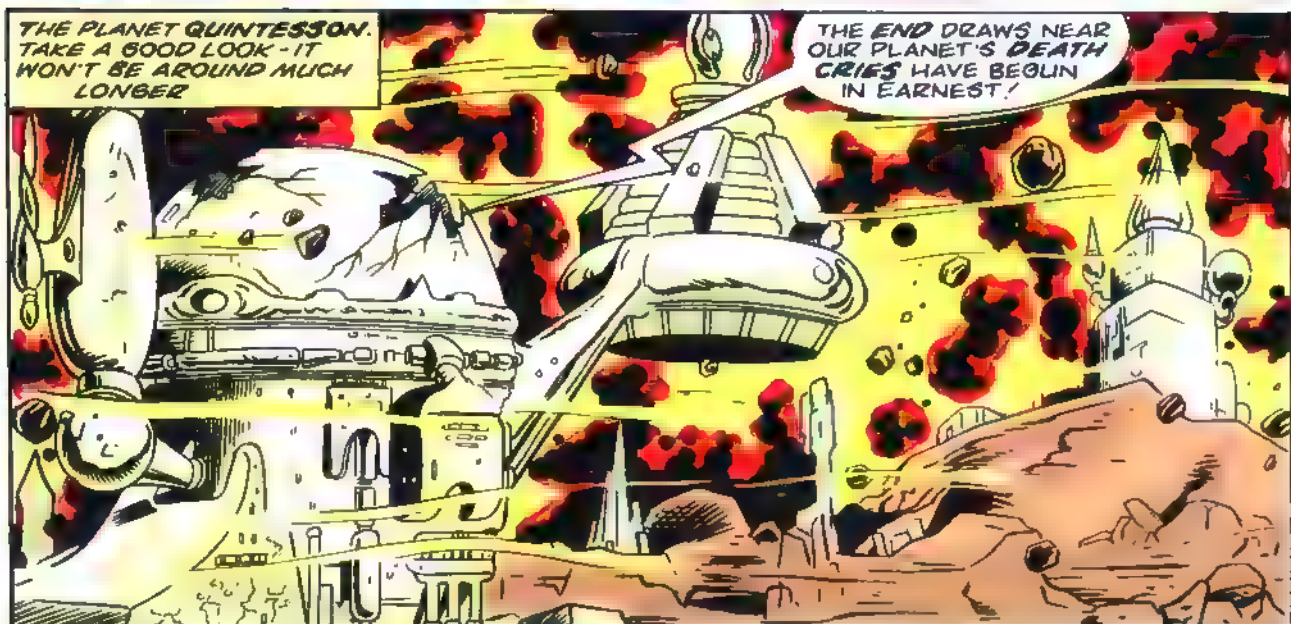
TO THINK, THAT FOOLISH
QUINTESSON HONESTLY
BELIEVED WE WOULD AID
HIS RACE AGAINST THE
AUTOBOTS ATTACKING
HIS WORLD

IF OUR
ENEMIES ARE
OFF-WORLD
ATTACKING
THEM, SO
MUCH THE
BETTER FOR
US!



WHILE THE AUTOBOTS
ARE AWAY, AUTOBASE
IS OURS FOR THE
TAKING!

YOU HEARD
SOUNDWAVE -
LET'S MOVE OUT!



THE PLANET QUINTESSON.
TAKE A GOOD LOOK - IT
WON'T BE AROUND MUCH
LONGER

THE END DRAWS NEAR
OUR PLANET'S DEATH
CRIES HAVE BEGUN
IN EARNEST!

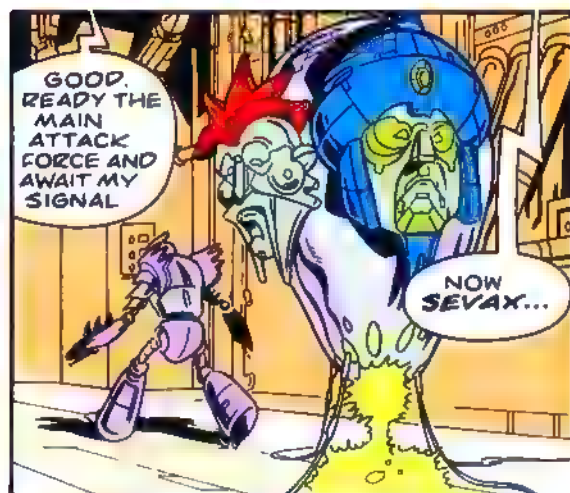


SPARE ME THE POETRY, JOLUP!
I KNOW AS WELL AS YOU OUR
PLANET'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED
THAT IS WHY WE HAVE EM-
BARKED ON THIS HIGHLY
DANGEROUS TWO-PRONGED
ATTACK!

SPEAKING
OF WHICH, HOW
DID YOUR END
OF THINGS
GO?

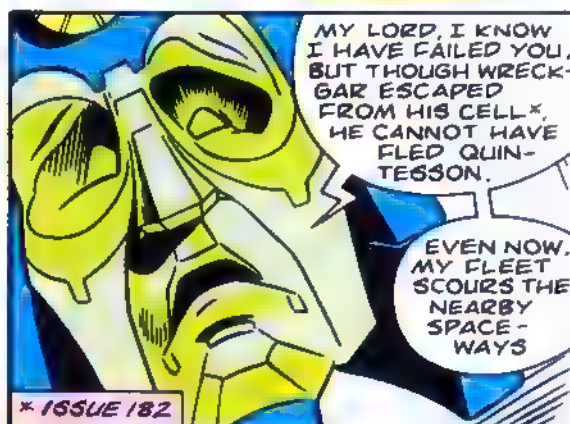


SUPERBLY, MY LORD
THE DECEPTICONS
REACTED AS ANTI-
CIPATED MY AGENT
LINGERED LONG
ENOUGH TO WITNESS
THEIR PRE-
PARATIONS FOR
WAR.



GOOD,
READY THE
MAIN
ATTACK
FORCE AND
AWAIT MY
SIGNAL

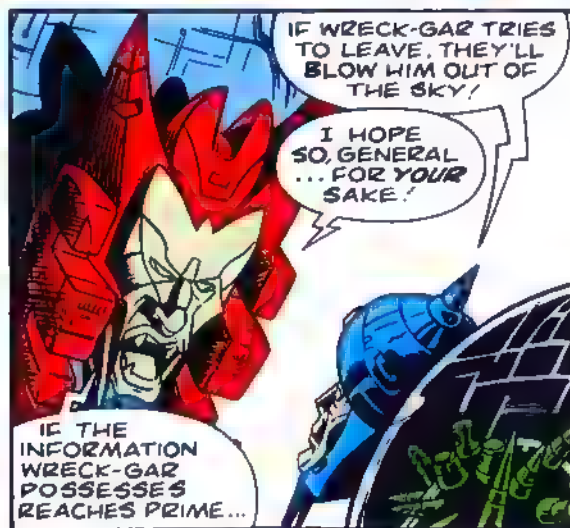
NOW
SEVAX...



MY LORD, I KNOW
I HAVE FAILED YOU,
BUT THOUGH WRECK-
GAR ESCAPED
FROM HIS CELL*,
HE CANNOT HAVE
FLED QUIN-
TESSON.

EVEN NOW,
MY FLEET
SCOURS THE
NEARBY
SPACE-
WAYS

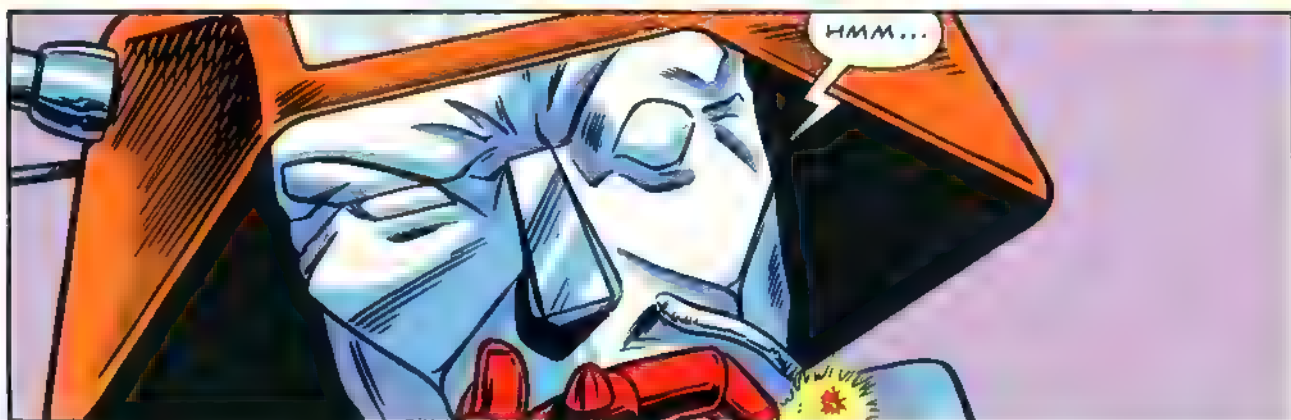
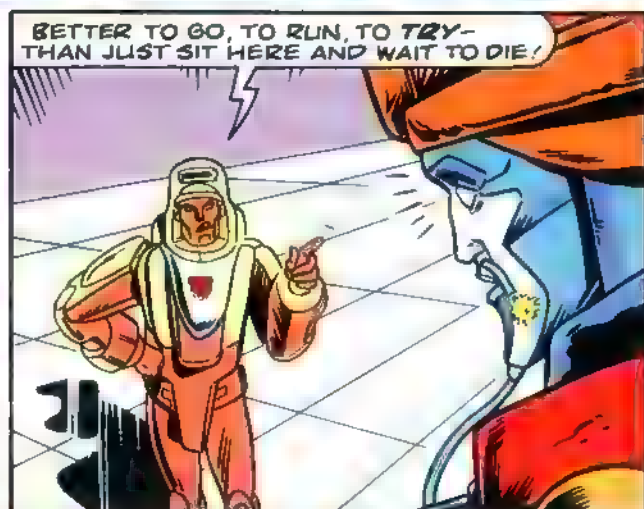
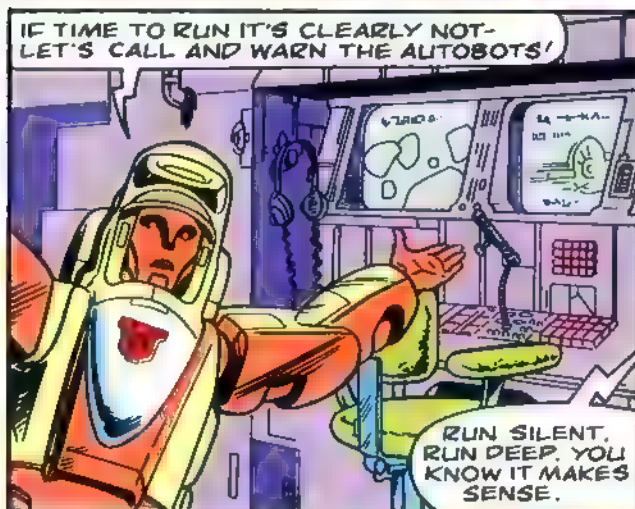
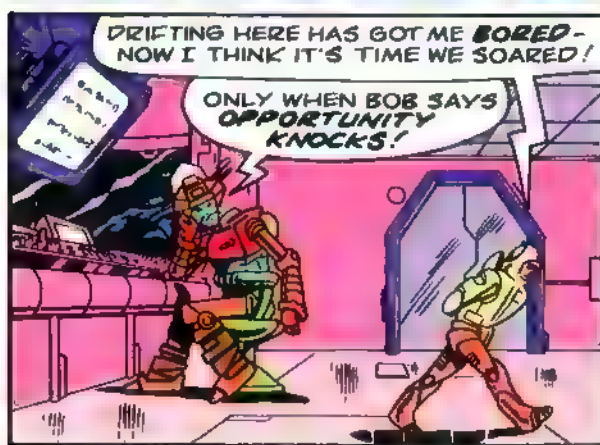
* ISSUE 182

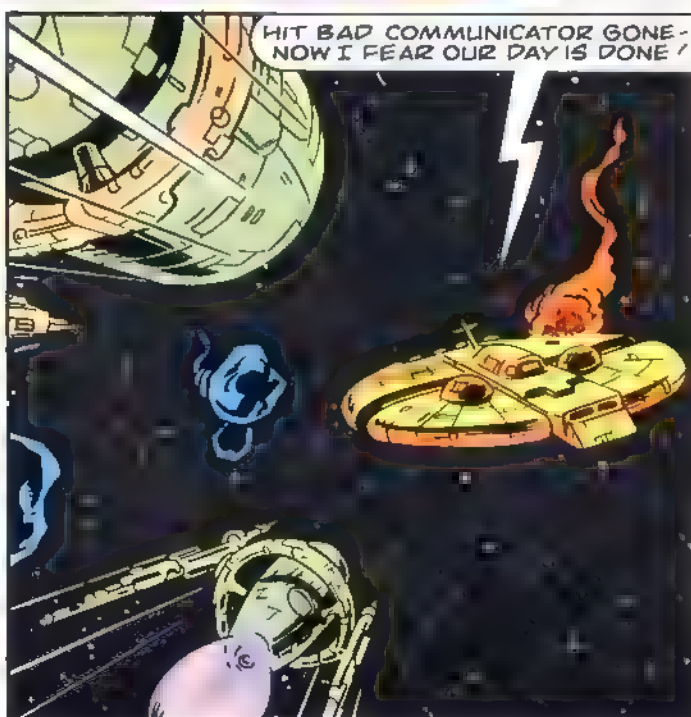
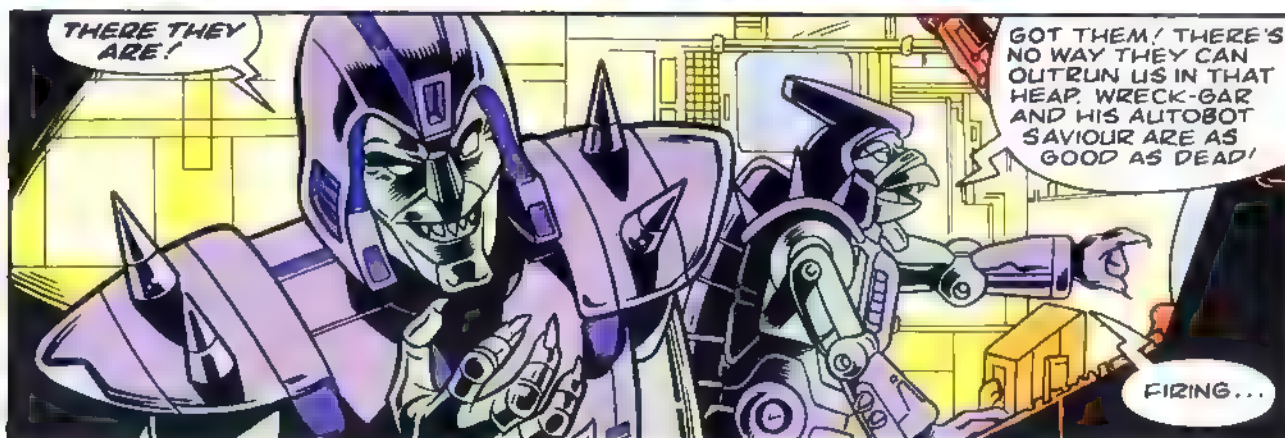
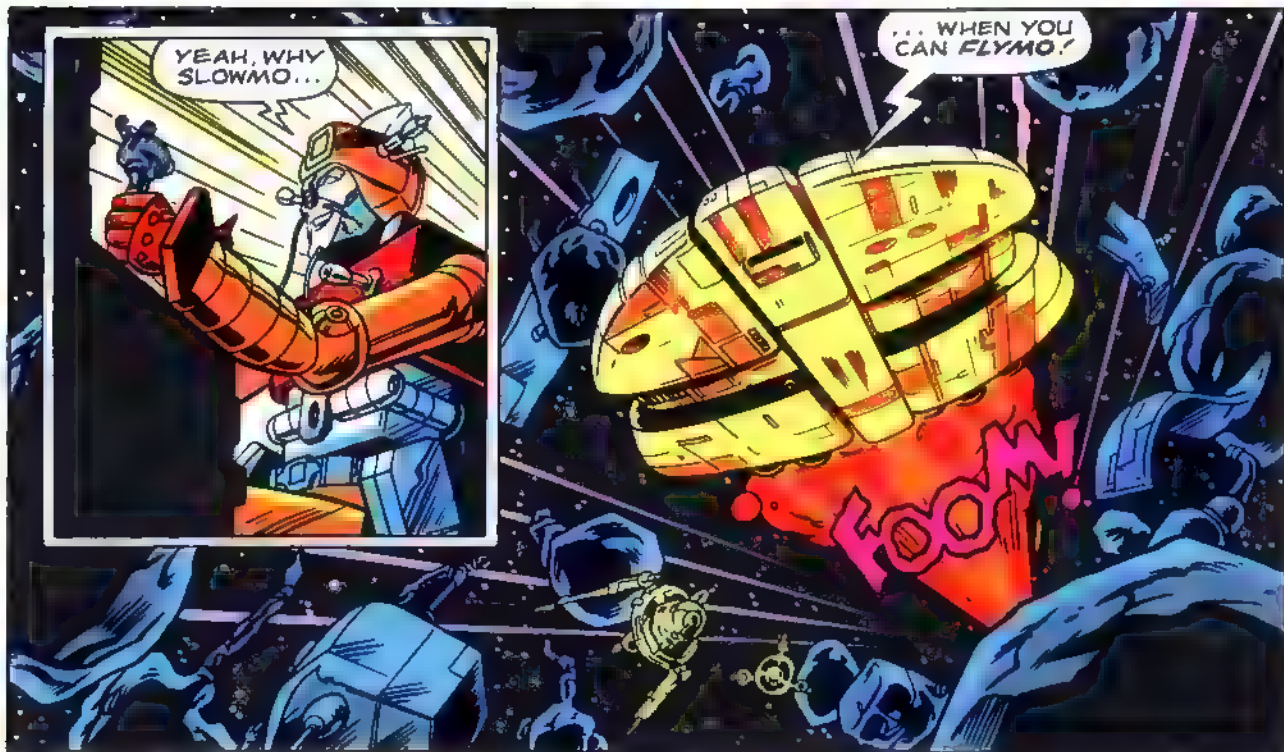


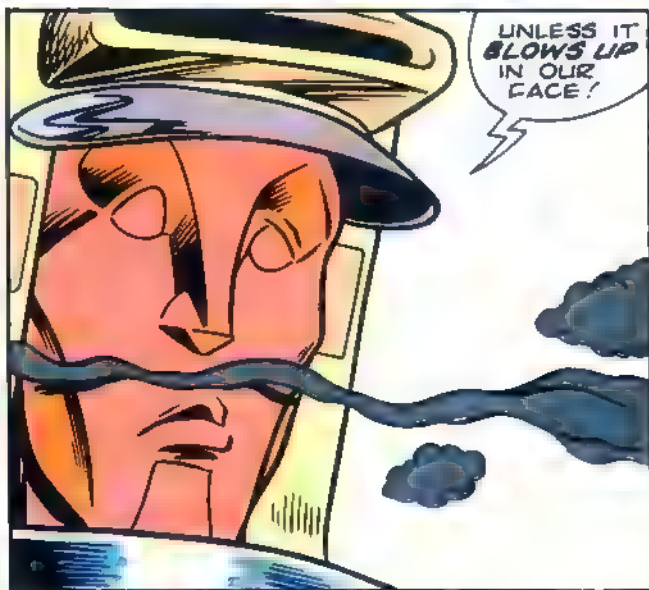
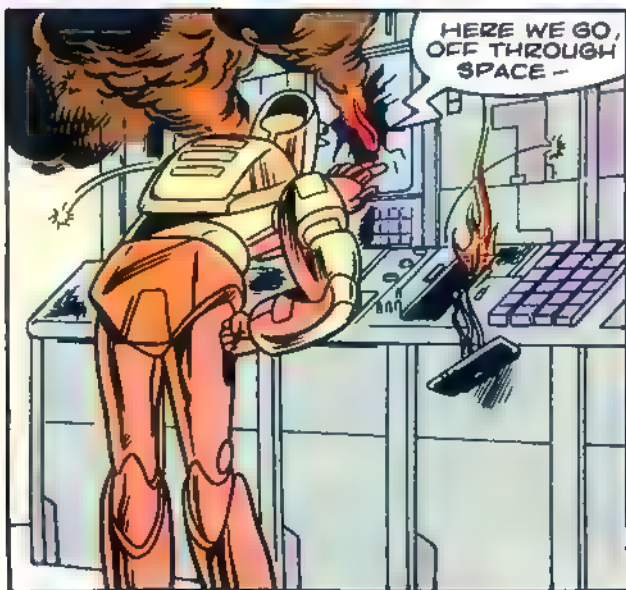
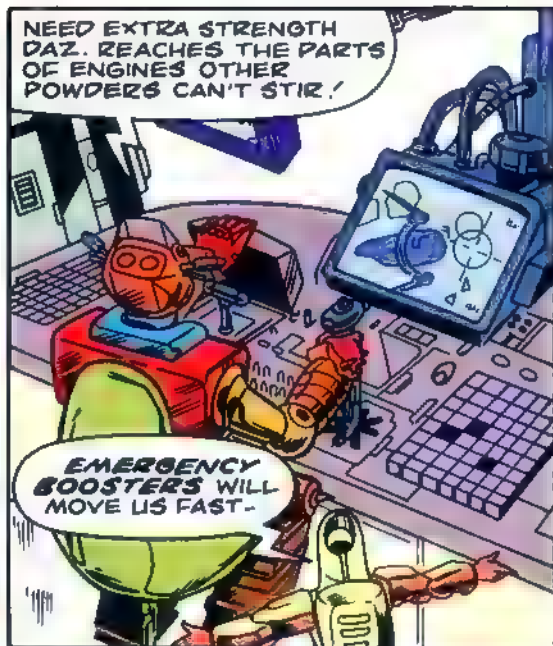
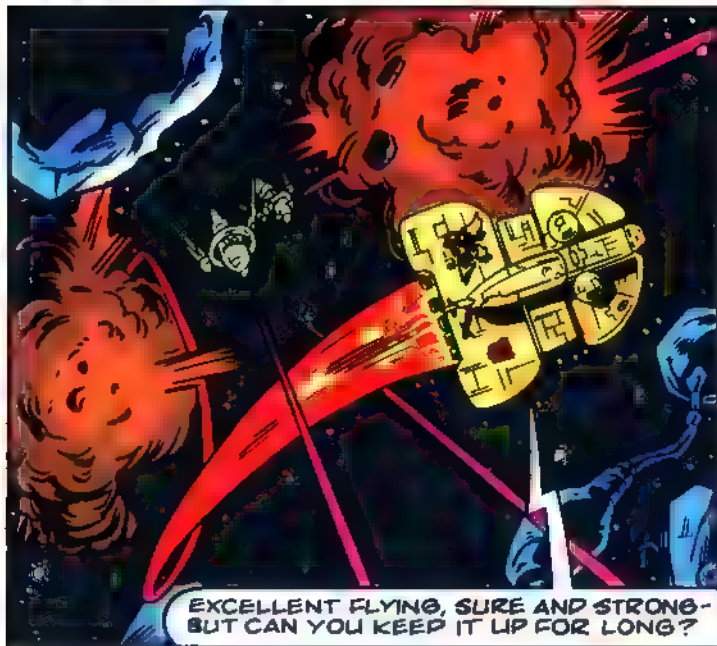
IF WRECK-GAR TRIES
TO LEAVE, THEY'LL
BLOW HIM OUT OF
THE SKY!

I HOPE
SO, GENERAL
... FOR YOUR
SAKE!

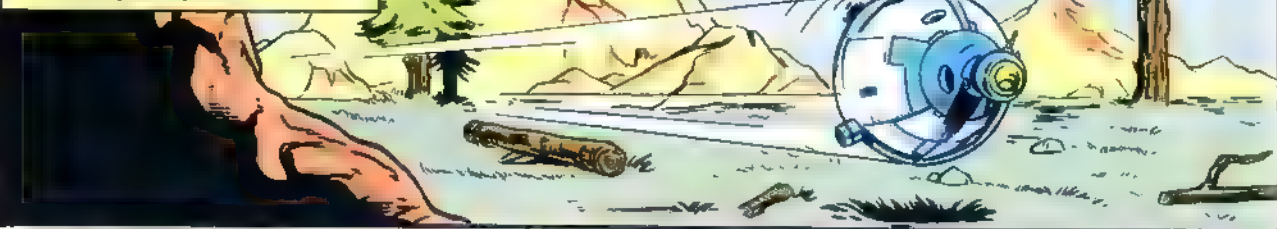
IF THE
INFORMATION
WRECK-GAR
POSSESSES
REACHES PRIME...





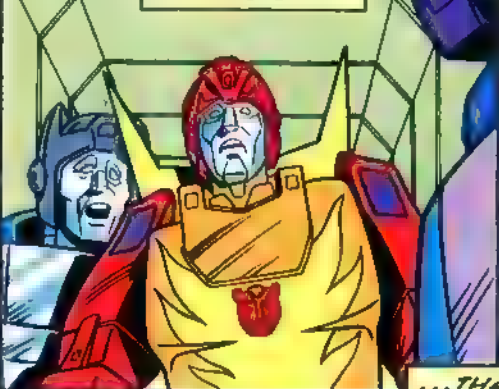


EARTH, AND AN ADVANCE
SURVEILLANCE DROID
RELAYS PICTURES OF
AUTOBOT CITY...

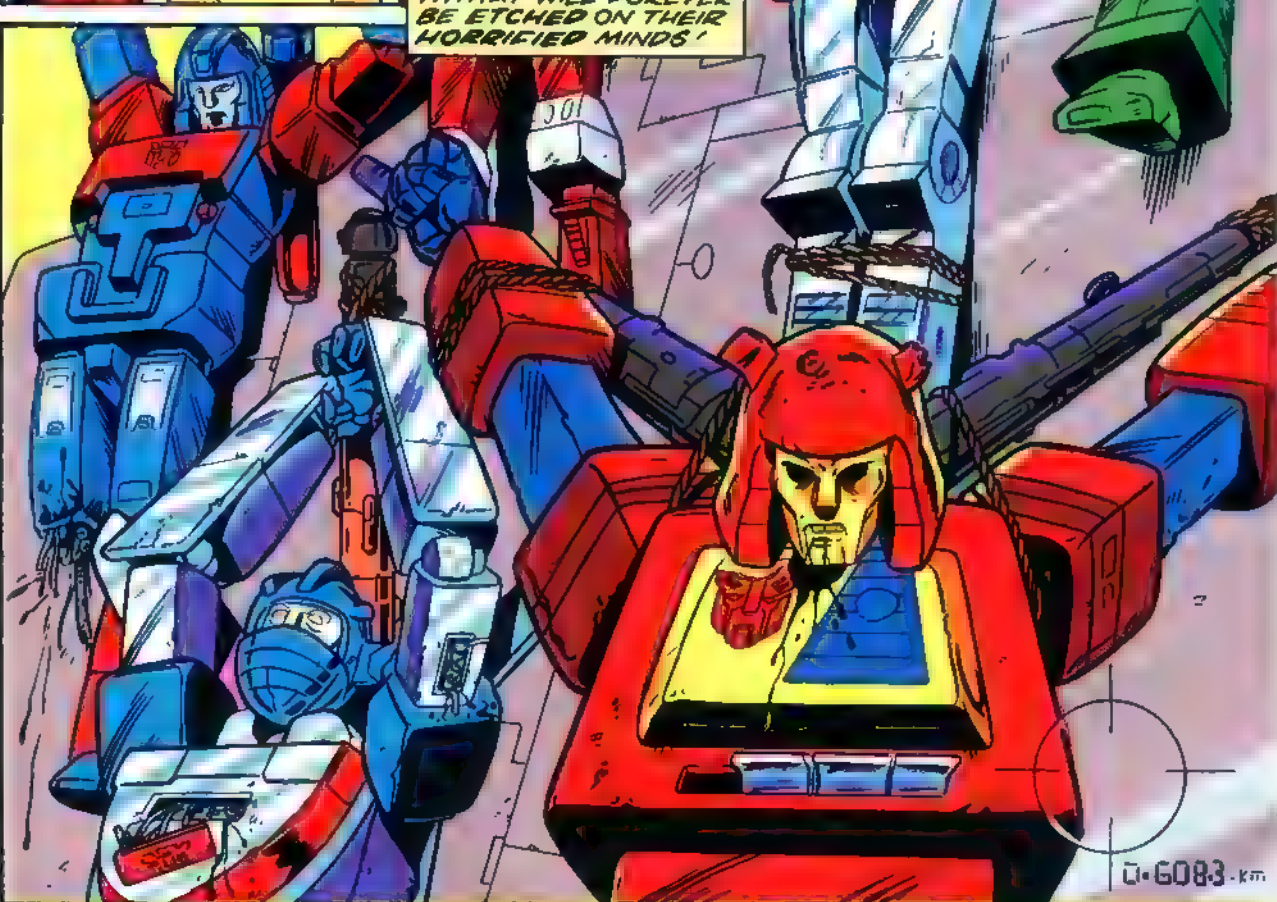


... TO THE WATCHING
AUTOBOTS ABOARD
A FLEET FOLLOWING
SEVERAL HOURS,
BEHIND IT.

IT'S A SIGHT...



... THAT WILL FOREVER
BE ETCHED ON THEIR
HORRIFIED MINDS!



0-6083-km

 **NEXT: THE TENDER TRAP!**

MARVEL®

TRYPTICON
TOYS TO BE
WON!

1st Oct. 88

NO185 35p

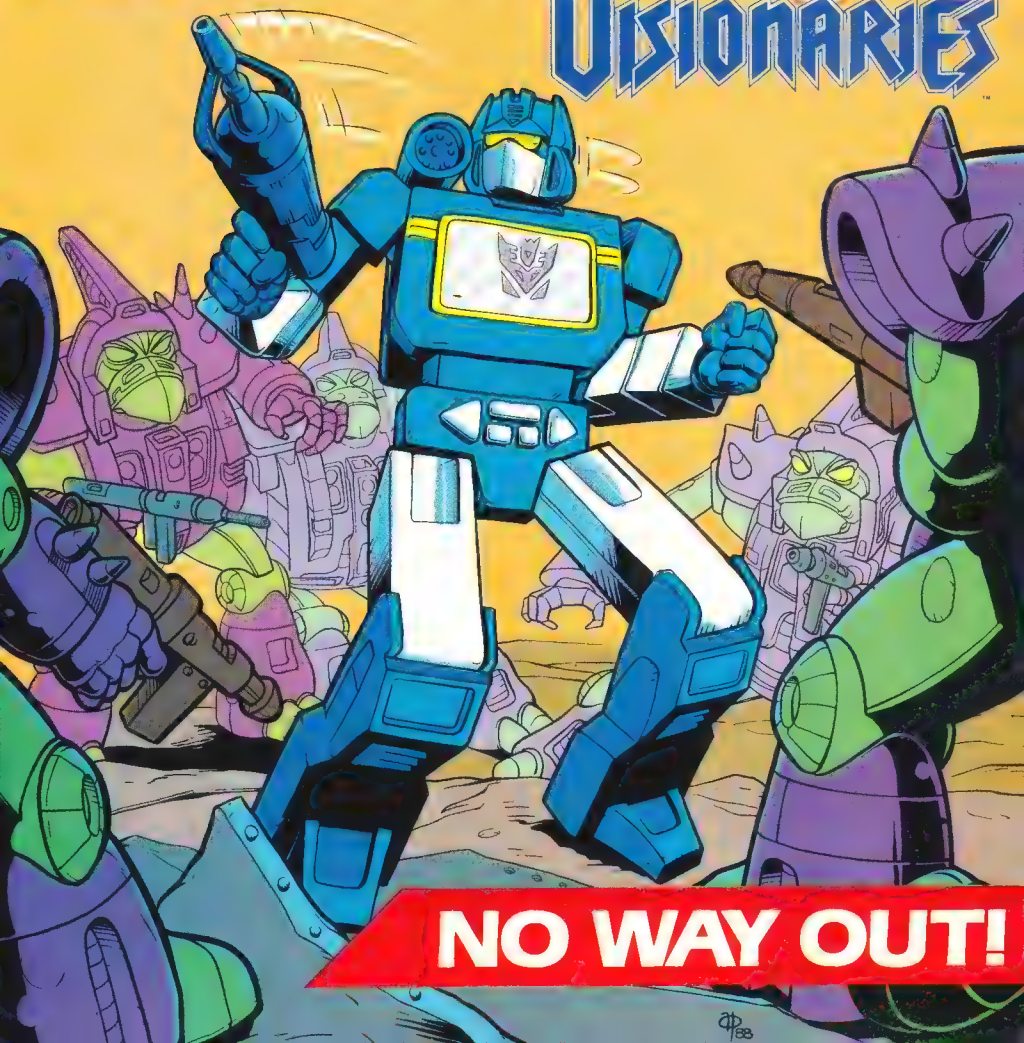
U.S. \$1.00 CAN. \$1.50

THE

TRANSFORMERS

and

VISIONARIES



NO WAY OUT!

SPACE PIRATES!

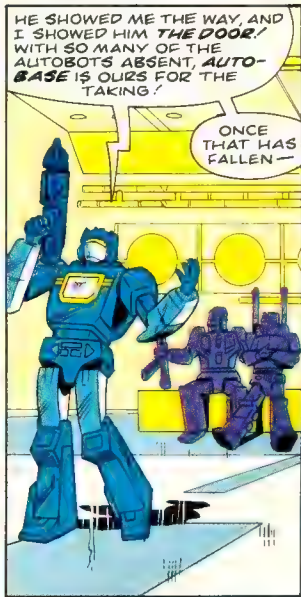
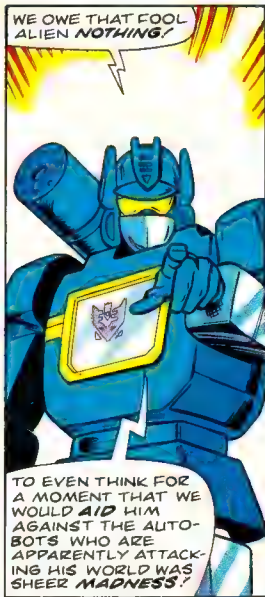
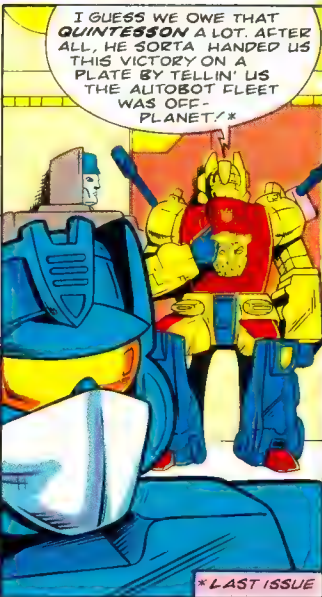
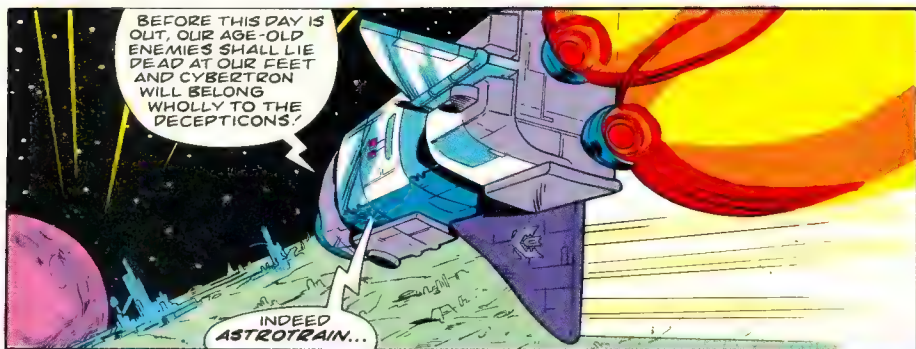
PART 4

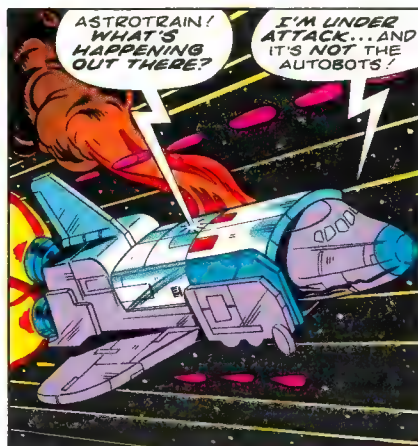
CYBERTRON, HOME PLANET
OF THE TRANSFORMERS,
EARTH-DATE: 2008.

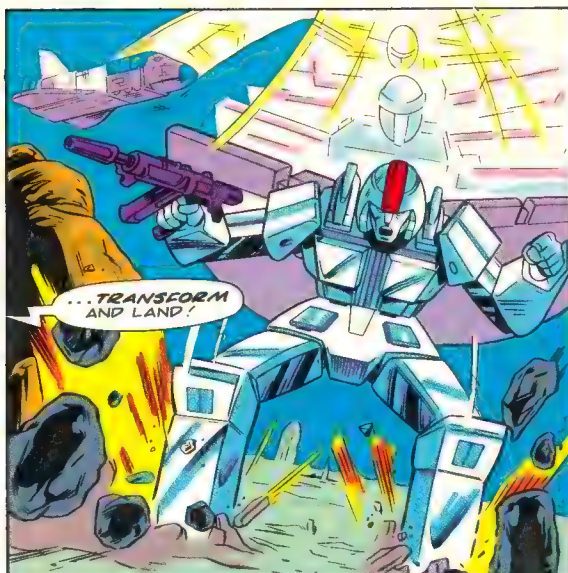
ONWARD,
DECEPTICONS
- CRUSH THE
AUTOBOTS!

THE AIR SCREAMS, THE
GROUND TREMBLES, THE
LINVARY COWER BEFORE
THEIR MIGHT.

THE DECEPTICON ARMY IS
ON THE MOVE, AND WOE
BETIDE ANY WHO STAND
IN THEIR WAY!

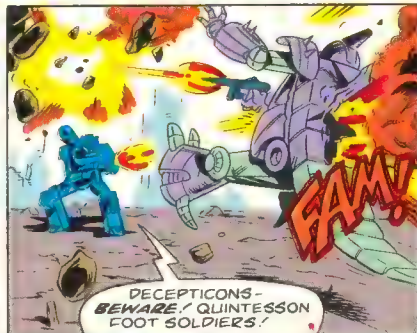




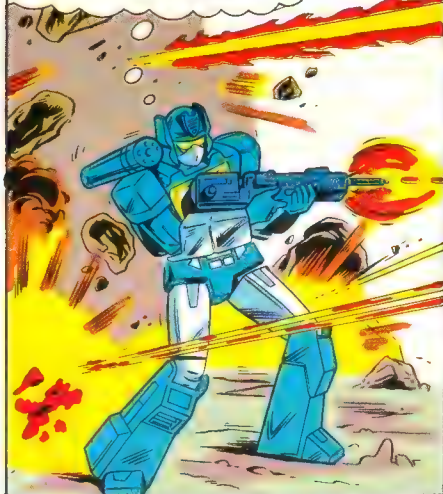


WHY ARE THEY ATTACKING US? SURELY THE AUTO-BOTS WOULD BE THEIR MAIN PRIORITY

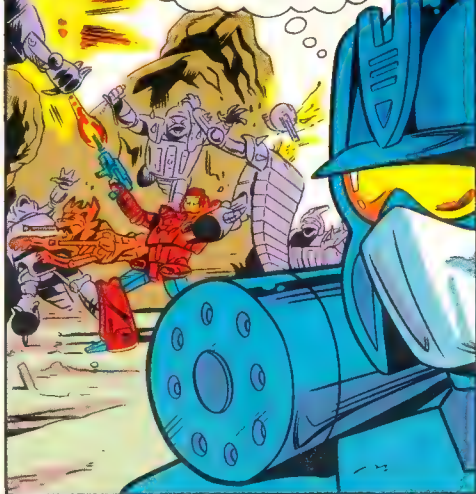
WHAT? BEHIND ME!



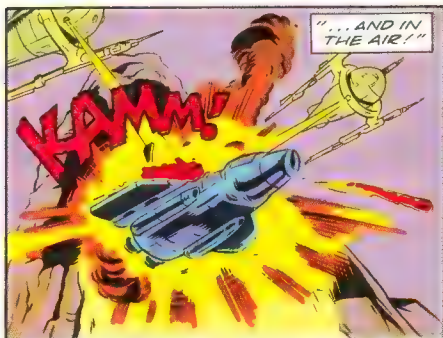
THIS IS NO RANDOM, UNPLANNED
ATTACK! I HAVE LED MY TROOPS
BLINDLY INTO A CAREFULLY
CONSTRUCTED **AMBUSH!**



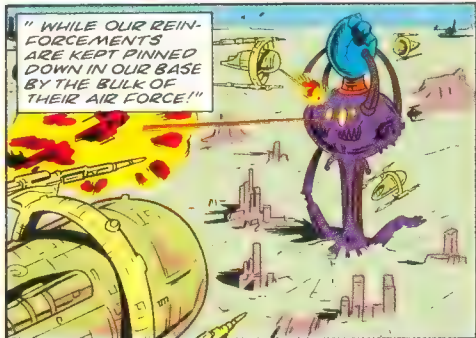
IN SECONDS, THE
QUINTESSONS THREATEN
TO OVERWHELM US ON
THE GROUND...



"... AND IN
THE AIR!"



"WHILE OUR REIN-
FORCEMENTS
ARE KEPT PINNED
DOWN IN OUR BASE
BY THE BULK OF
THEIR AIR FORCE!"



THE QUINTESSON WHO
SOUGHT OUR AID MUST
HAVE BEEN SENT BY
HIS MASTERS IN ORDER
TO DRAW US INTO THIS
AMBUSH!

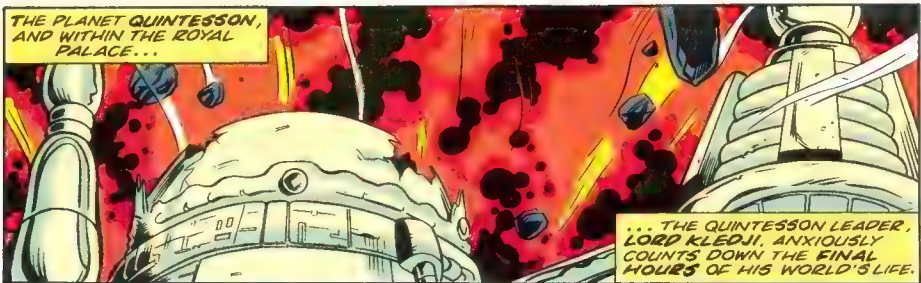
BUT THAT WOULD
MEAN WE WERE
ALWAYS THEIR
PRIMARY TARGETS.
WHY? ... AND
WHAT DO THEY
HOPE TO
ACHIEVE?



MORE IMPORTANTLY
... **HOW DO WE STOP
THEM?**



THE PLANET QUINTESSON,
AND WITHIN THE ROYAL
PALACE...



... THE QUINTESSON LEADER,
LORD KLEDJI, ANXIOUSLY
COUNTS DOWN THE FINAL
HOURS OF HIS WORLD'S LIFE.

NOT LONG NOW. QUINT-
TESSON MOVES EVER
CLOSER TO THE SUN,
AND GRAVITATIONAL
FORCES BEGIN TO
TEAR US APART!



WE MUST PRESS
ON WITH THE
PLAN TO
COLONISE
CYBERTRON
WITH ALL
HASTE!



"GENERAL GHYRIK HAS SECURED
AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH, AND IS
READY FOR THE IMMINENT
ARRIVAL OF RODIMUS PRIME
AND AUTOBOT FLEET."

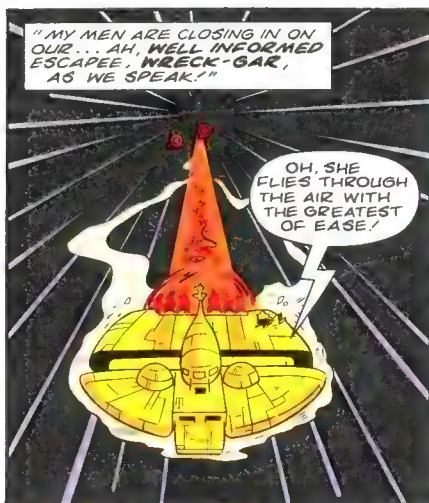
"ON CYBERTRON, GENERAL JOLLIP
BEGINS THE COLONISATION PROJECT
WITH THE ANNIHILATION OF THE
DECEPTICONS."



ALL PROCEEDS
ACCORDING TO
PLAN... EXCEPT
IN YOUR
DEPARTMENT,
SEVAX!

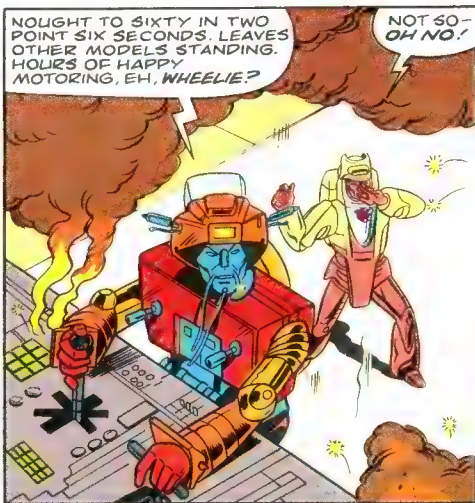


MY LORD,
A MOMENT
LONGER IS
ALL I
NEED!



"MY MEN ARE CLOSING IN ON OUR... AH, WELL INFORMED ESCAPEE WRECK-GAR, AS WE SPEAK!"

OH, SHE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!



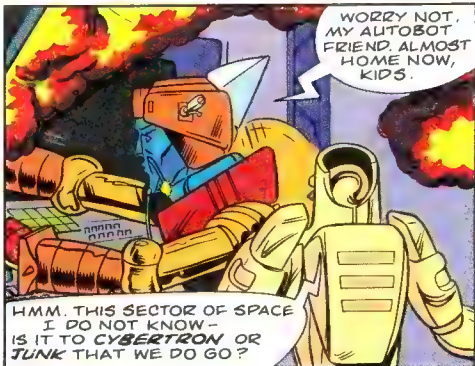
NOUGHT TO SIXTY IN TWO POINT SIX SECONDS. LEAVES OTHER MODELS STANDING. HOURS OF HAPPY MOTORING, EH, WHEELIE?

NOT SO - OH NO!



FAKKASHH!

EMERGENCY BOOSTERS HAVE QUINTESSONS BEAT - BUT EXCESS USE MAKES THEM OVERHEAT!



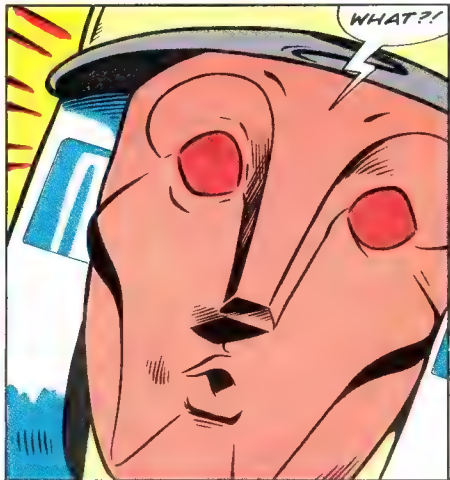
WORRY NOT. MY AUTOBOT FRIEND, ALMOST HOME NOW, KIDS.

HMM. THIS SECTOR OF SPACE I DO NOT KNOW - IS IT TO CYBERTRON OR JUNK THAT WE DO GO?



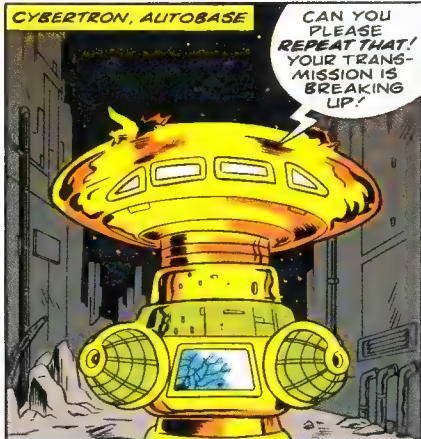
NEITHER. I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO OFFER THAT TO THE OTHER SIDE!

YES. THAT'S RIGHT TODAY, THE WISH YOU WERE HERE TEAM VISITS A SMALL ASTEROID IN THE DELTA SIX QUADRANT.



WHAT?!

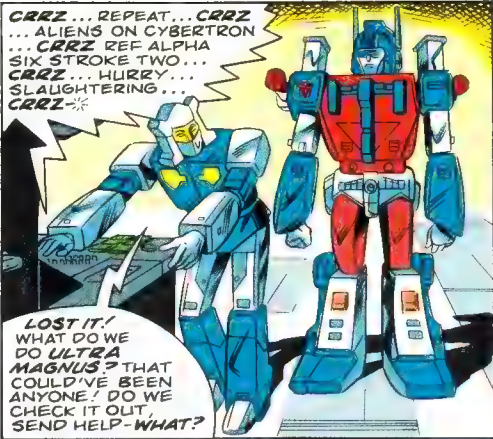
CYBERTRON, AUTOBASE



CAN YOU PLEASE REPEAT THAT! YOUR TRANSMISSION IS BREAKING UP!

CRZZ... REPEAT... CRZZ... ALIENS ON CYBERTRON... CRZZ REF ALPHA SIX STROKE TWO... CRZZ... HURRY... SLAUGHTERING... CRZZ

LOST IT! WHAT DO WE DO ULTRA MAGNUS? THAT COULD'VE BEEN ANYONE! DO WE CHECK IT OUT, SEND HELP- WHAT?



I DON'T KNOW, EJECT WITH THE OTHER AUTOBOTS ON EARTH, FACING WHO KNOWS WHAT, WE SHOULD STAY RIGHT HERE, IN CASE THEY NEED BACK-UP.

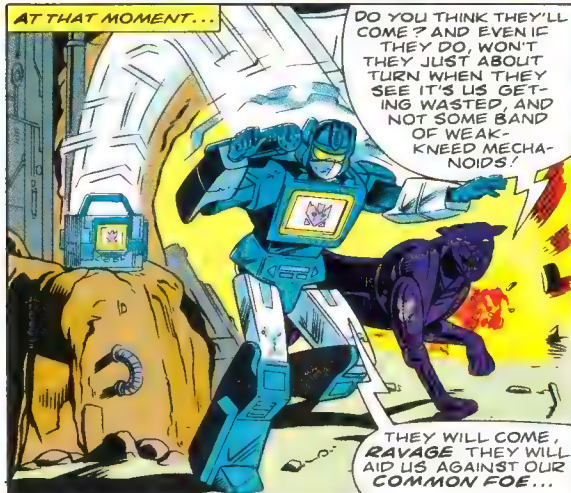


BUT WE HAVE A DUTY AS AUTOBOTS TO PROTECT ALL LIFE, EVERYWHERE.



WHAT TO DO?

AT THAT MOMENT...

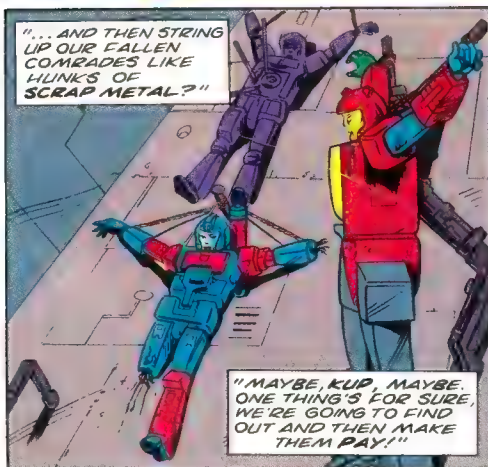


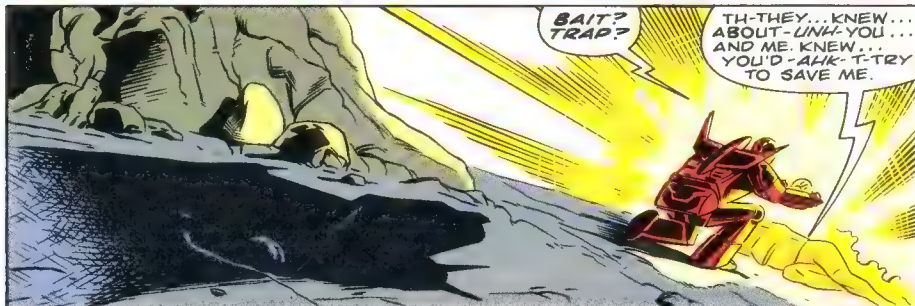
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL COME? AND EVEN IF THEY DO, WON'T THEY JUST ABOUT TURN WHEN THEY SEE IT'S US GETTING WASTED, AND NOT SOME BAND OF WEAK-KNEED MECHANIDS?

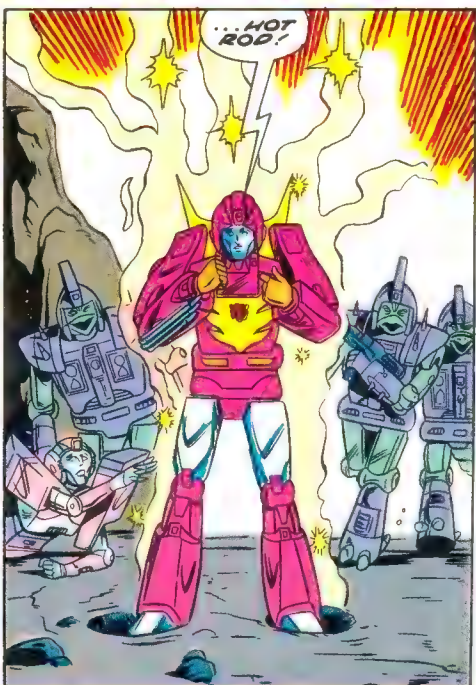
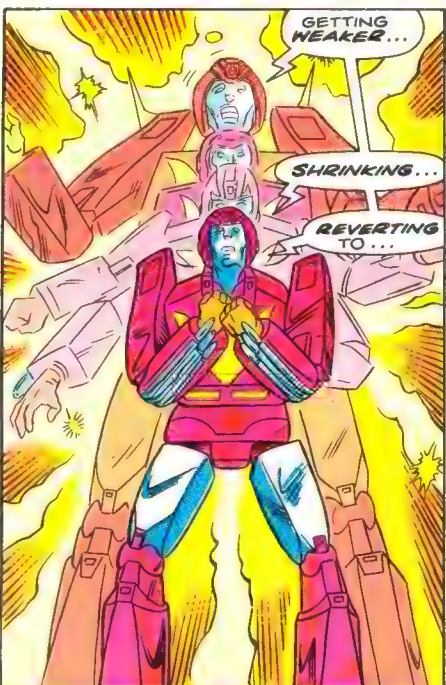
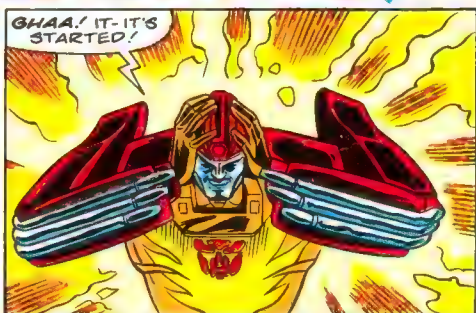
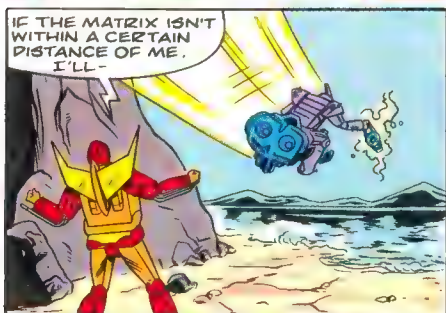
THEY WILL COME, RAVAGE THEY WILL AID US AGAINST OUR COMMON FOE...

... I HOPE!









NEXT:

THE AWAKENING!

MARVEL®

FREE
PANINI
STICKER
ALBUM!

8th Oct. 88

Nº186 35p

U.S.\$1.45 CAN.\$1.85

THE TRANSFORMERS



and

VISIONARIES

PLUS
FREE
STICKERS!



THE AWAKENING!

TRANSFORMERS™

SPACE PIRATES!

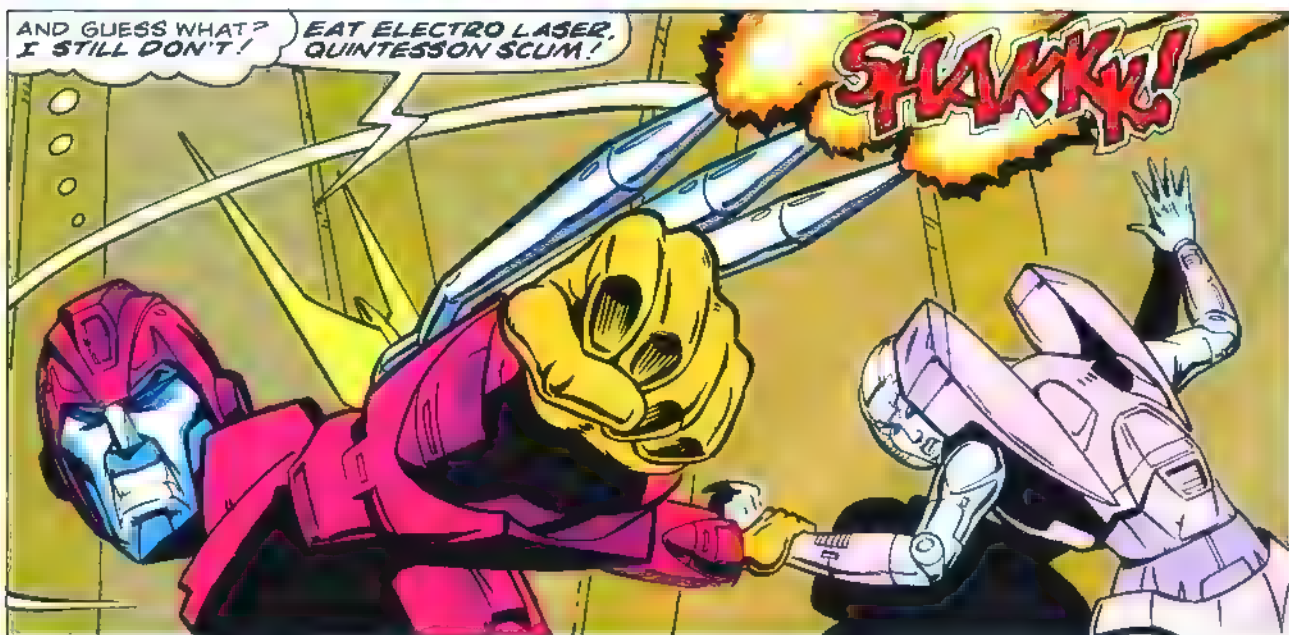
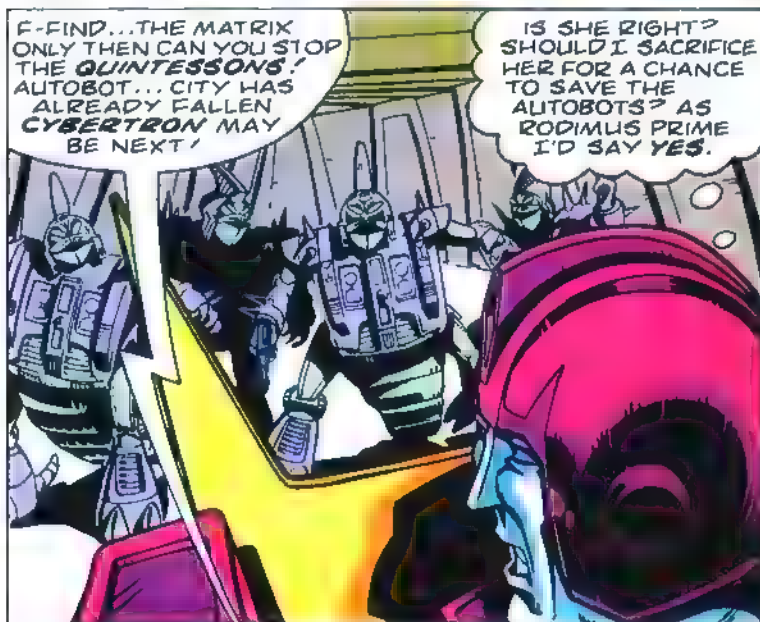
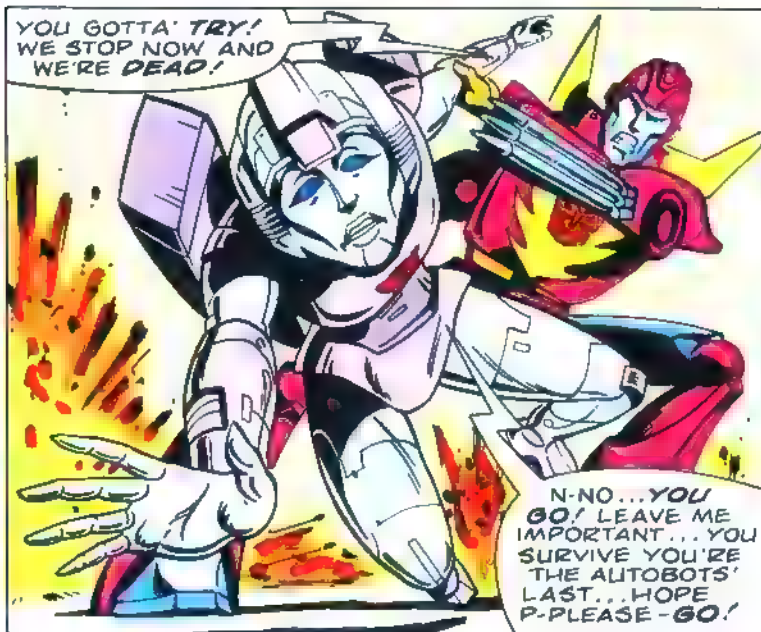
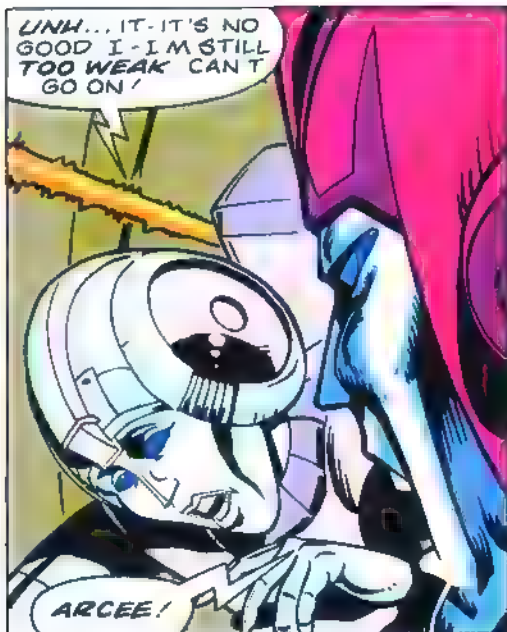
PART 5

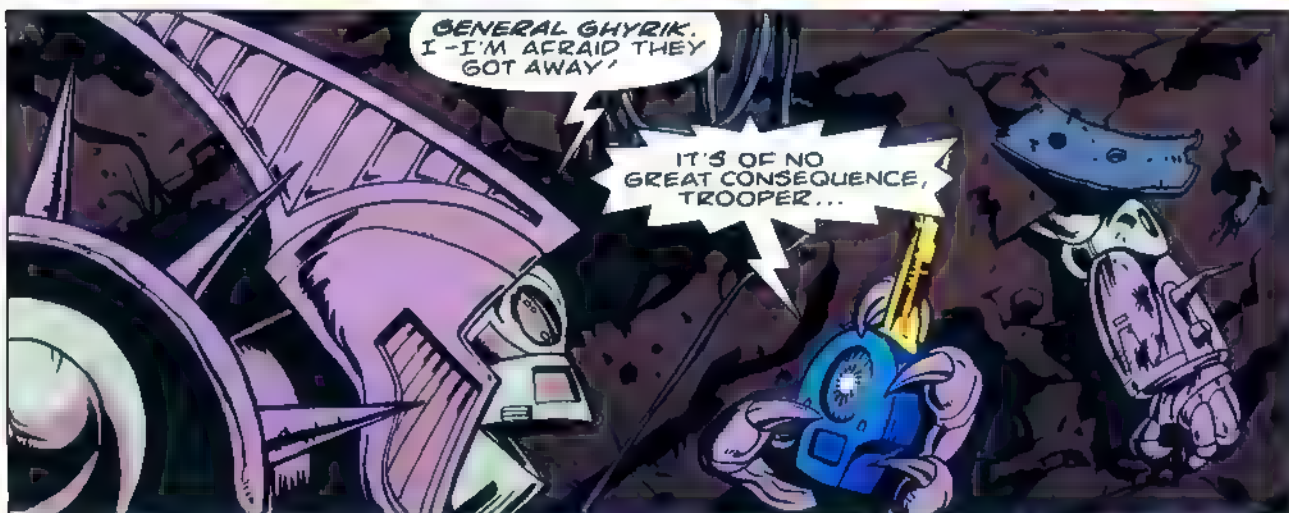
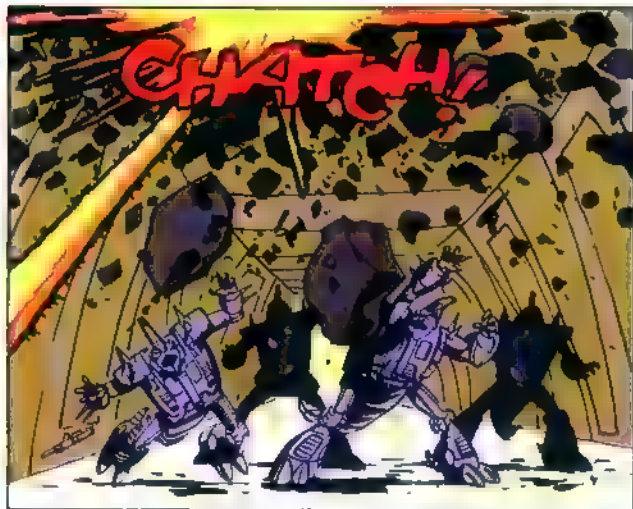
AUTOBOT CITY:
EARTH, 2008.

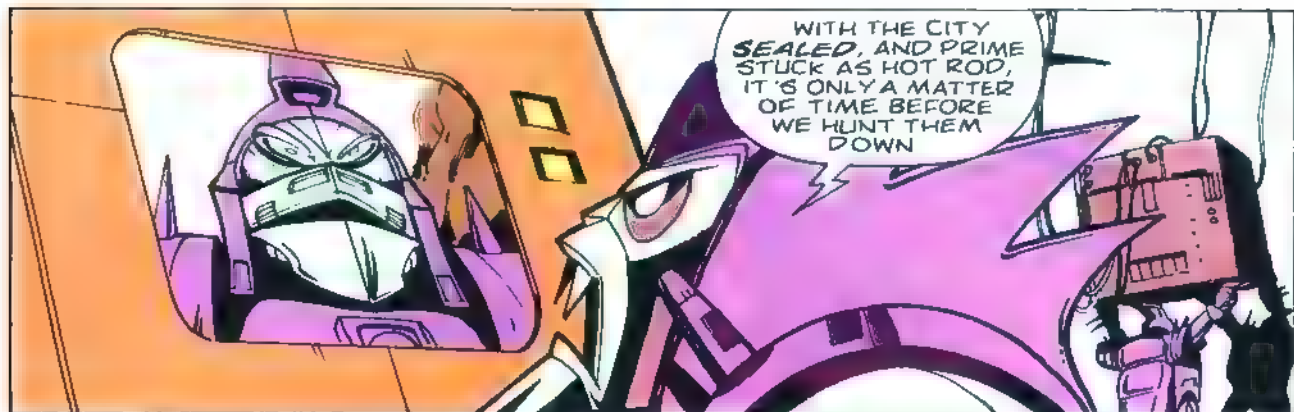
A MOMENT AGO HE WAS RODIMUS
PRIME - LEADER OF THE HEROIC
AUTOBOTS AND WIELDER OF
THEIR SACRED LIFE FORCE, THE
CREATION MATRIX.

A MOMENT AGO HE WAS
A BEING OF SUPREME
POWER, A TITAN
AMONG LESSER ROBOTS

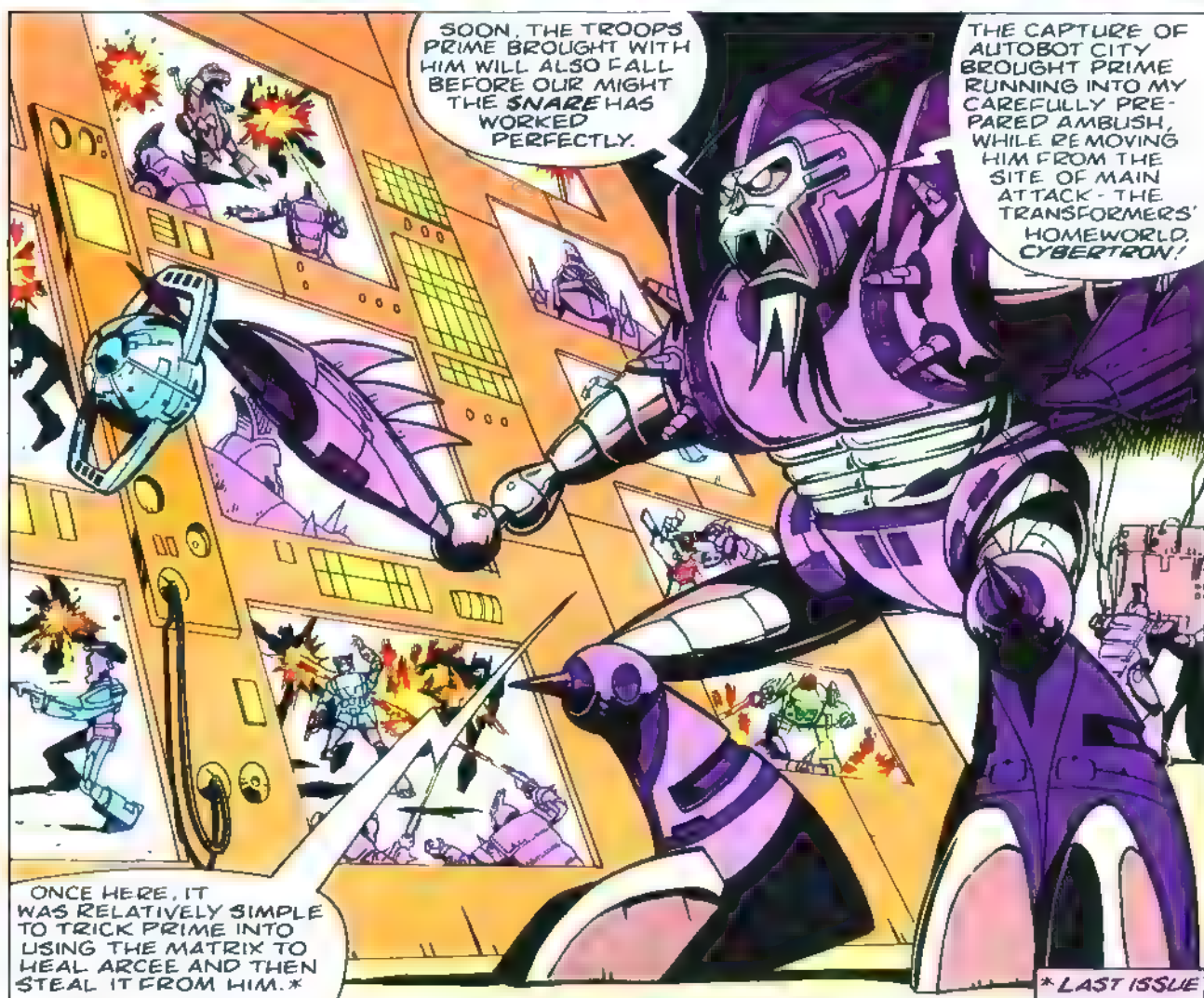
BUT THAT WAS A MOMENT
AGO. NOW HE'S JUST PLAIN
HOT ROD... AND HE'S
RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!







WITH THE CITY
SEALED, AND PRIME
STUCK AS HOT ROD,
IT'S ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE
WE HUNT THEM
DOWN

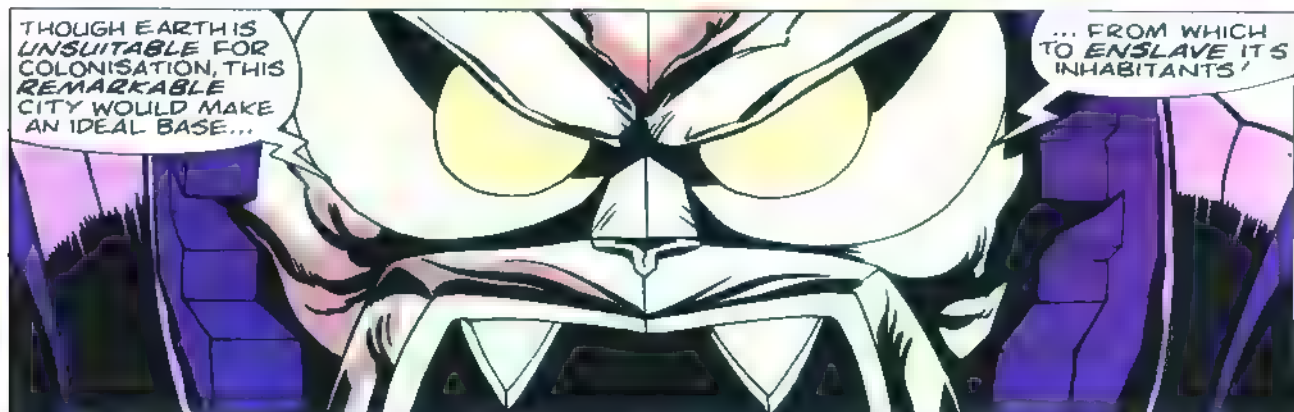


SOON, THE TROOPS
PRIME BROUGHT WITH
HIM WILL ALSO FALL
BEFORE OUR MIGHT
THE SNARE HAS
WORKED
PERFECTLY.

THE CAPTURE OF
AUTOBOT CITY
BROUGHT PRIME
RUNNING INTO MY
CAREFULLY PREPARED
AMBUSH, WHILE REMOVING
HIM FROM THE
SITE OF MAIN
ATTACK - THE
TRANSFORMERS'
HOMEWORLD,
CYBERTRON!

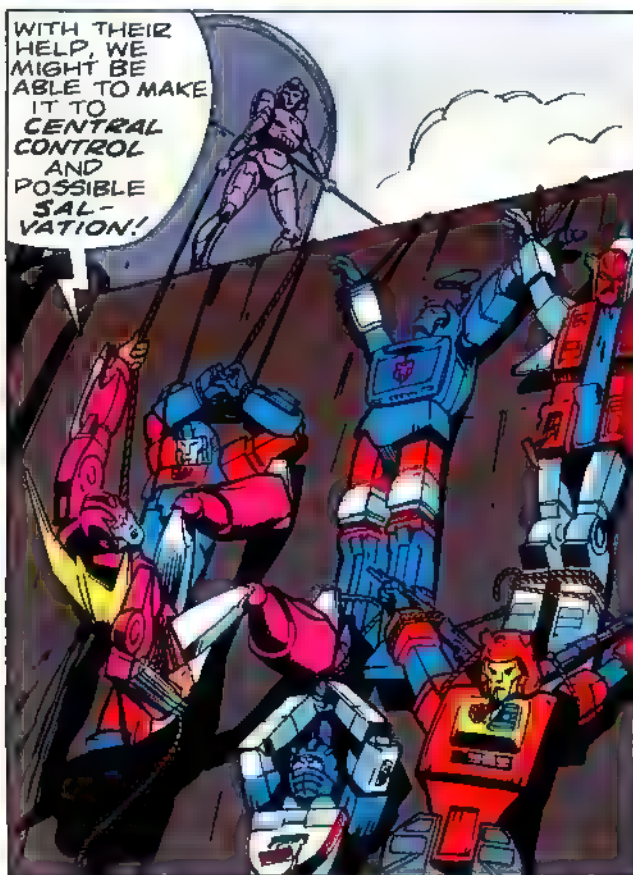
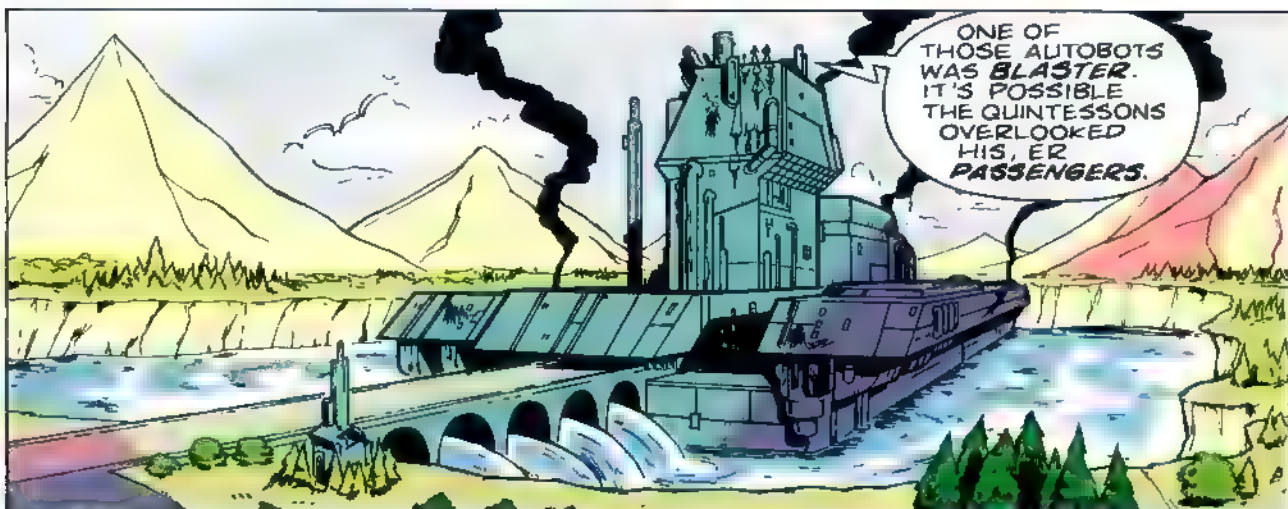
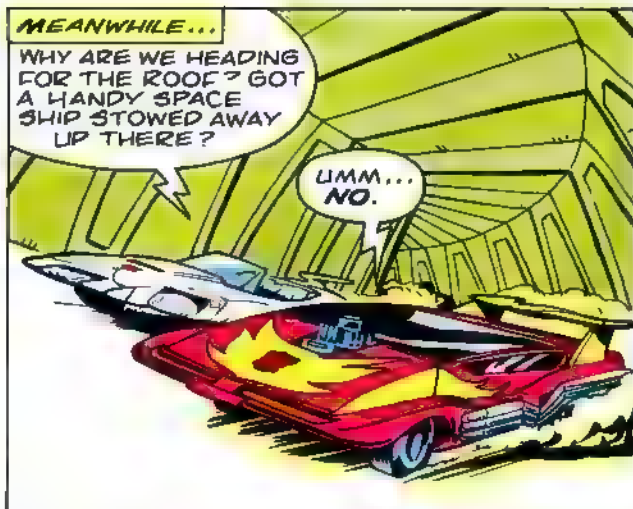
ONCE HERE, IT
WAS RELATIVELY SIMPLE
TO TRICK PRIME INTO
USING THE MATRIX TO
HEAL ARCEE AND THEN
STEAL IT FROM HIM.*

*LAST ISSUE



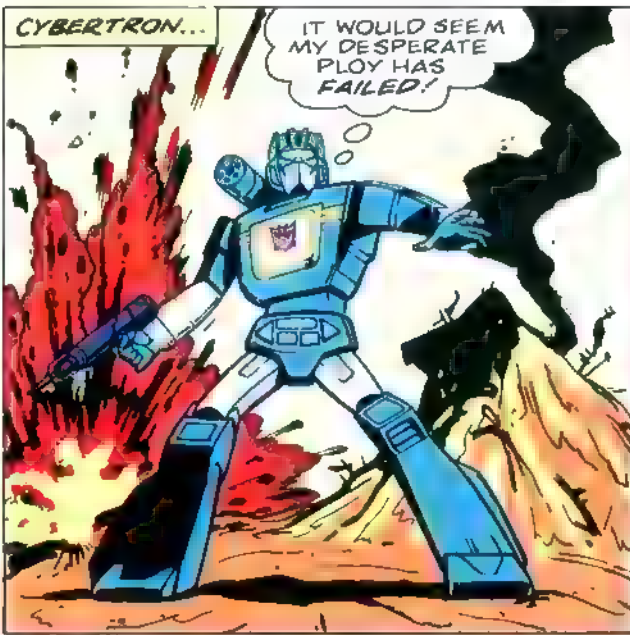
THOUGH EARTH IS
UNSUITABLE FOR
COLONISATION, THIS
REMARKABLE
CITY WOULD MAKE
AN IDEAL BASE...

... FROM WHICH
TO ENSLAVE ITS
INHABITANTS!



CYBERTRON...

IT WOULD SEEM
MY DESPERATE
PLOY HAS
FAILED!

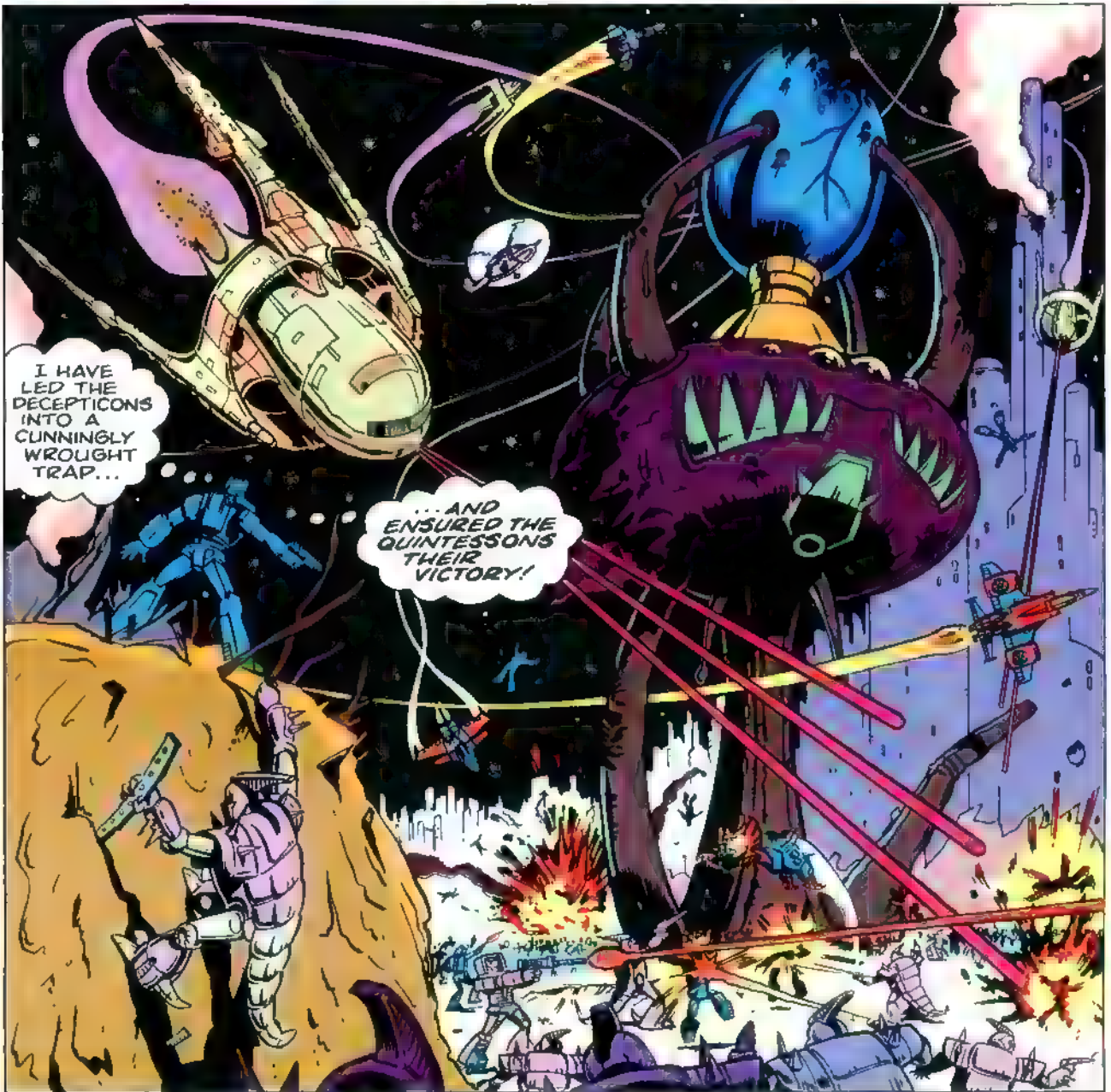


I'D HOPED THE AUTOBOTS
AT AUTOBASE WOULD
RESPOND TO MY INTENTIONALLY
GARBLED CALL
FOR HELP, BUT IT SEEMS
I HOPED IN VAIN!



I HAVE
LED THE
DECEPTICONS
INTO A
CUNNINGLY
WROUGHT
TRAP...

...AND
ENSURED THE
QUINTESSONS
THEIR
VICTORY!

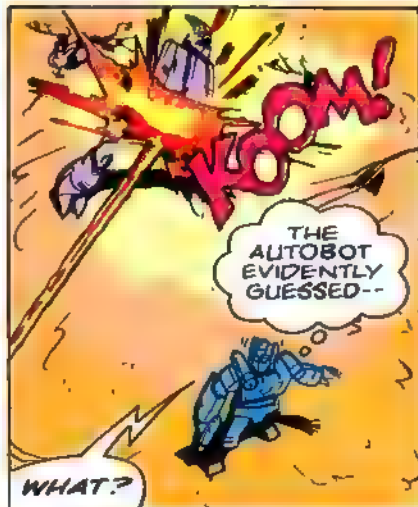




IT SEEMED TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE AT THE TIME, BUT I LET **EMOTION** RULE MY THOUGHTS. I TOOK THE **BAIT** - A GUARANTEED CHANCE TO DESTROY THE AUTOBOTS...



... AND WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE QUINTESSON'S AMBUSH!

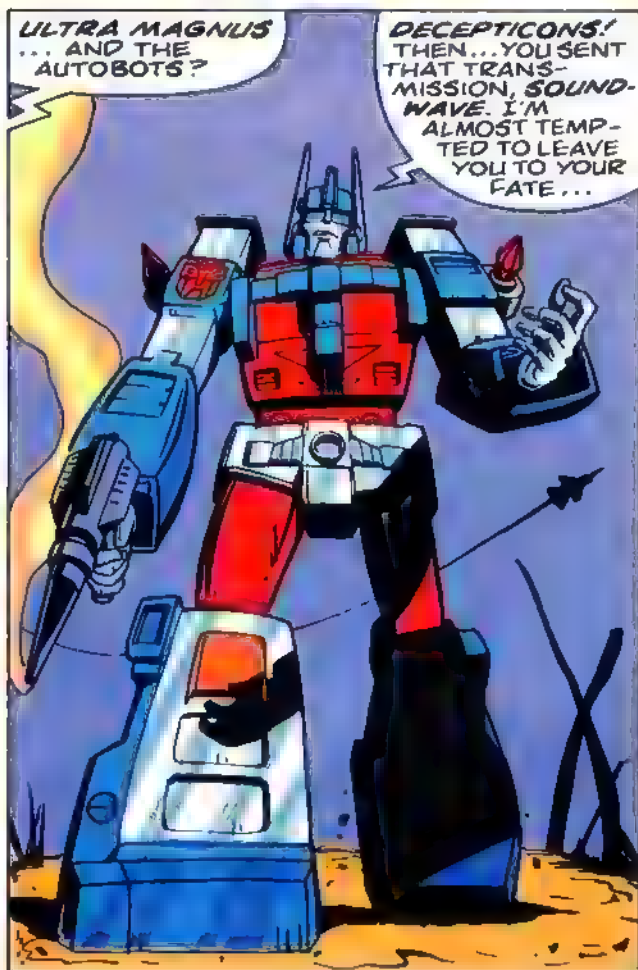


THE AUTOBOT EVIDENTLY GUESSED--

WHAT?

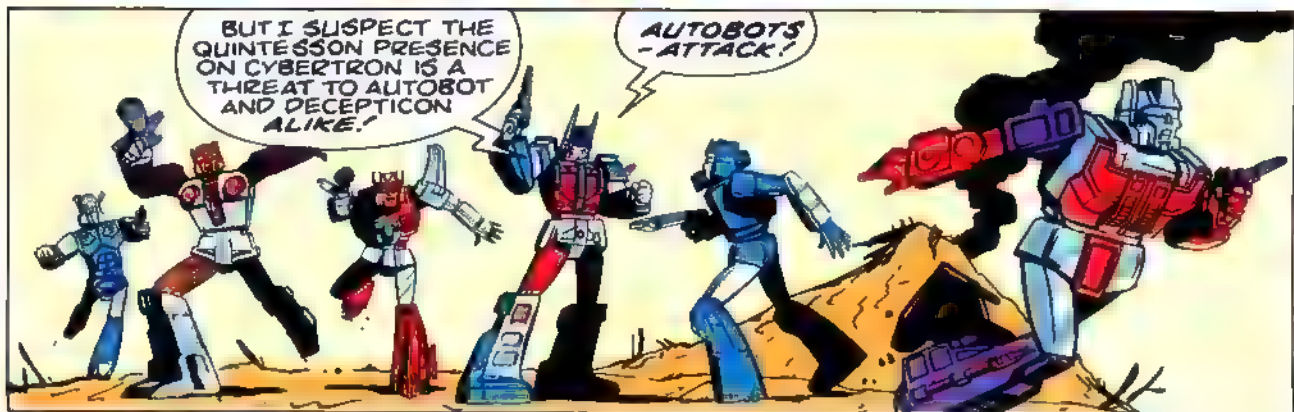


SAVED! BUT BY WHO...?



ULTRA MAGNUS ... AND THE AUTOBOTS?

DECEPTICONS! THEN... YOU SENT THAT TRANSMISSION, **SOUNDWAVE**. I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE...



BUT I SUSPECT THE QUINTESSON PRESENCE ON CYBERTRON IS A THREAT TO AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON ALIKE.

AUTOBOTS - ATTACK!

MEANWHILE, IN A
REMOTE QUADRANT
OF SPACE...

NO MORE QUINTESSONS, WE'VE WON
THE RACE -
NO MORE SHUTTLE, WE'RE DEAD
IN SPACE!

A BARREN ASTEROID IS
ALL I SEE -
WHAT IS THERE HERE
FOR YOU AND ME?

WE
ARE NOT
ALONE.

OVER THE MOON,
JIMMY, THE IN-
CLUSION OF THE
QUINTESSONS'
MESSAGE
CANISTER ON
THE RIGHT WING IS A
MASTER
STROKE.

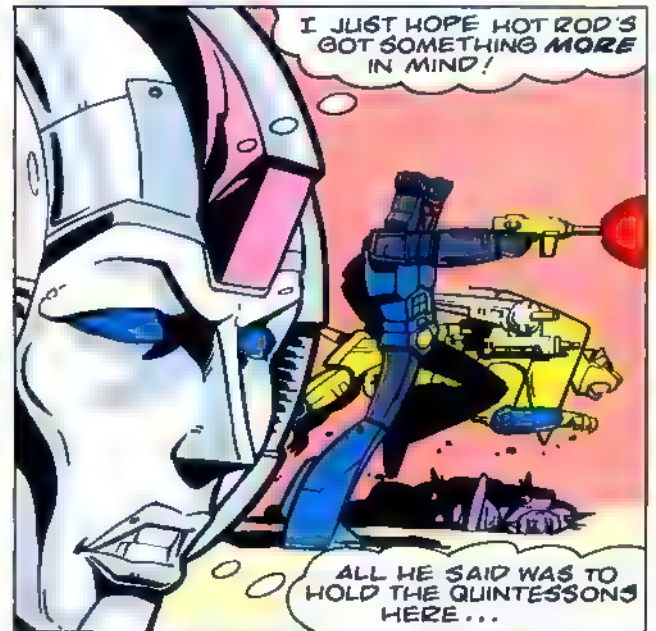
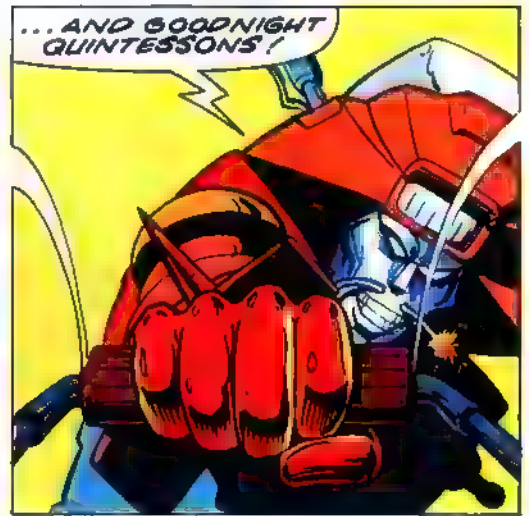
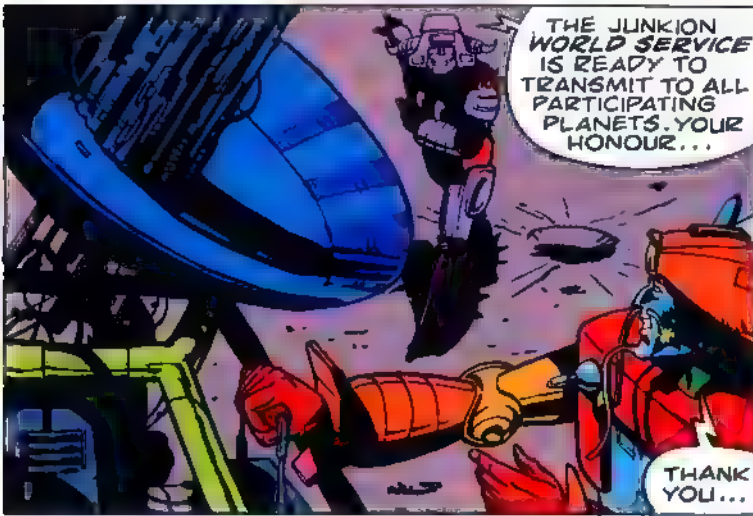
AT THE END OF
THE DAY, THE
QUINTESSONS'
ATTEMPT TO
TACKLE WRECK-
GAR AND
RETRIEVE
THEIR KEY
PLAYER
FAILED.

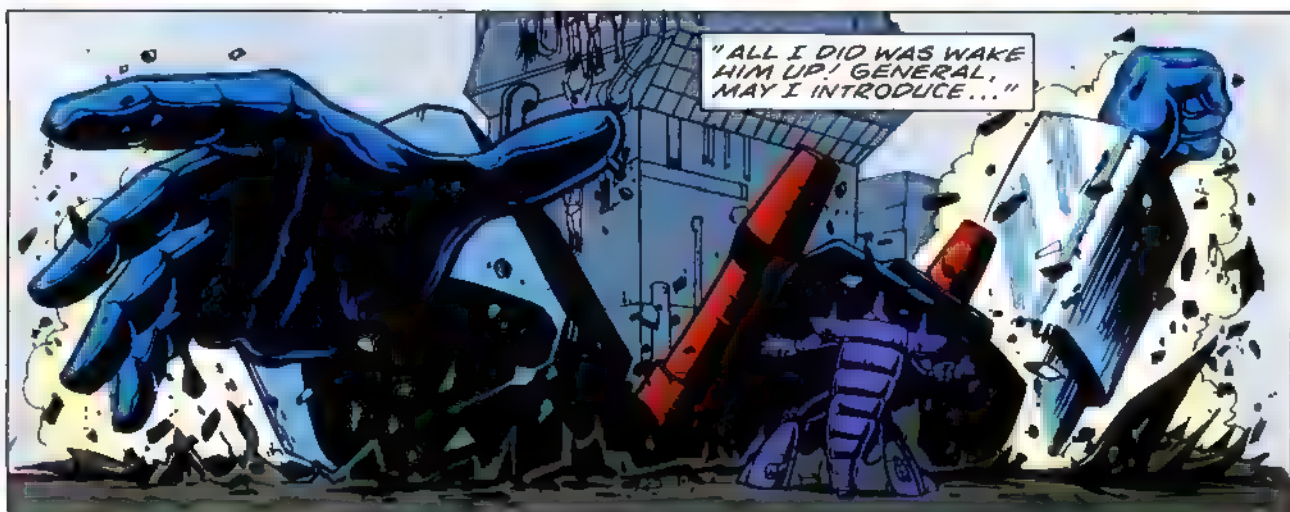
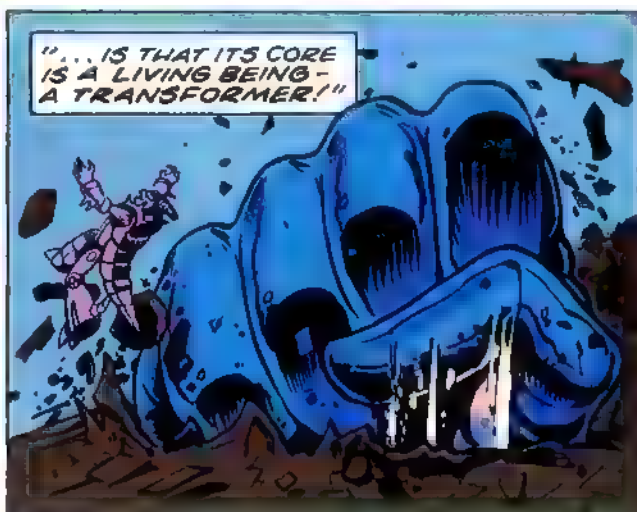
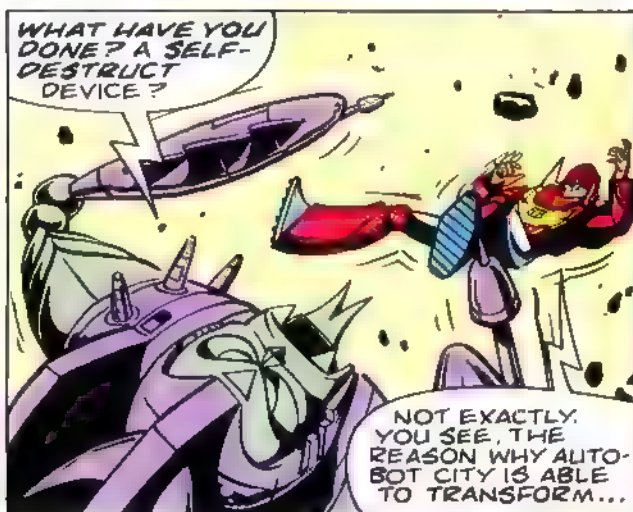
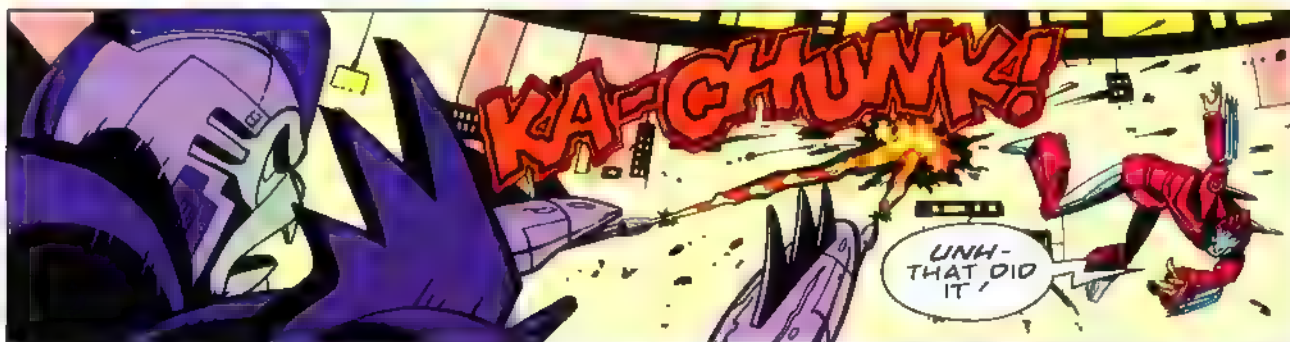
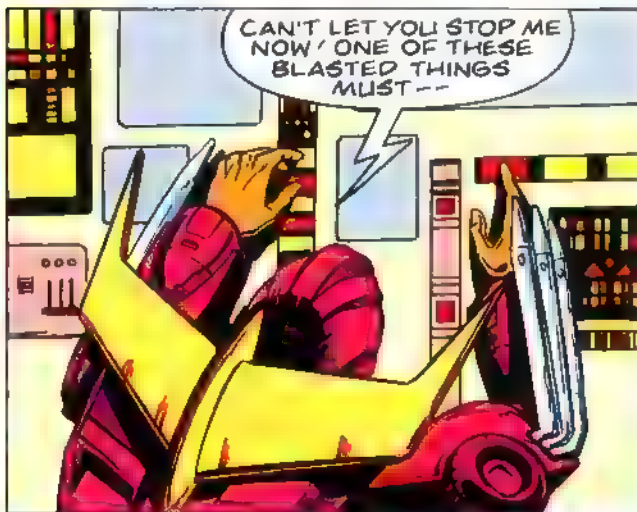
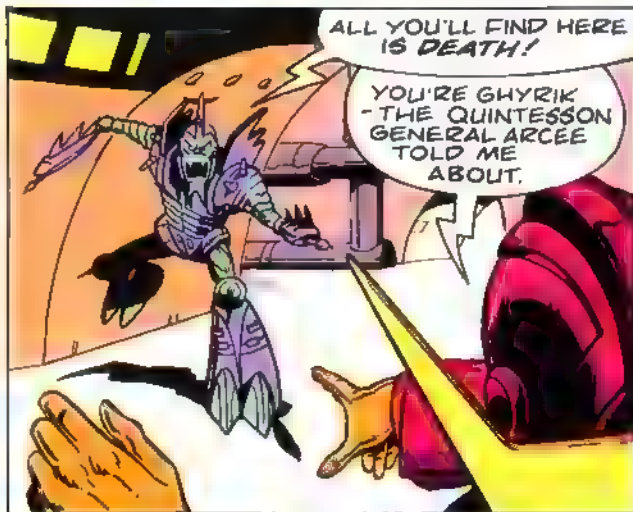
NO MATTER, WHEELIE.
GOOD TRADE-IN ON
'OLD MODEL - ONE
CAREFUL OWNER'
PAST THE WINNING
POST ANYWAY

TIME TO
COLLECT
THIS
WEEK'S
STAR
PRIZE!

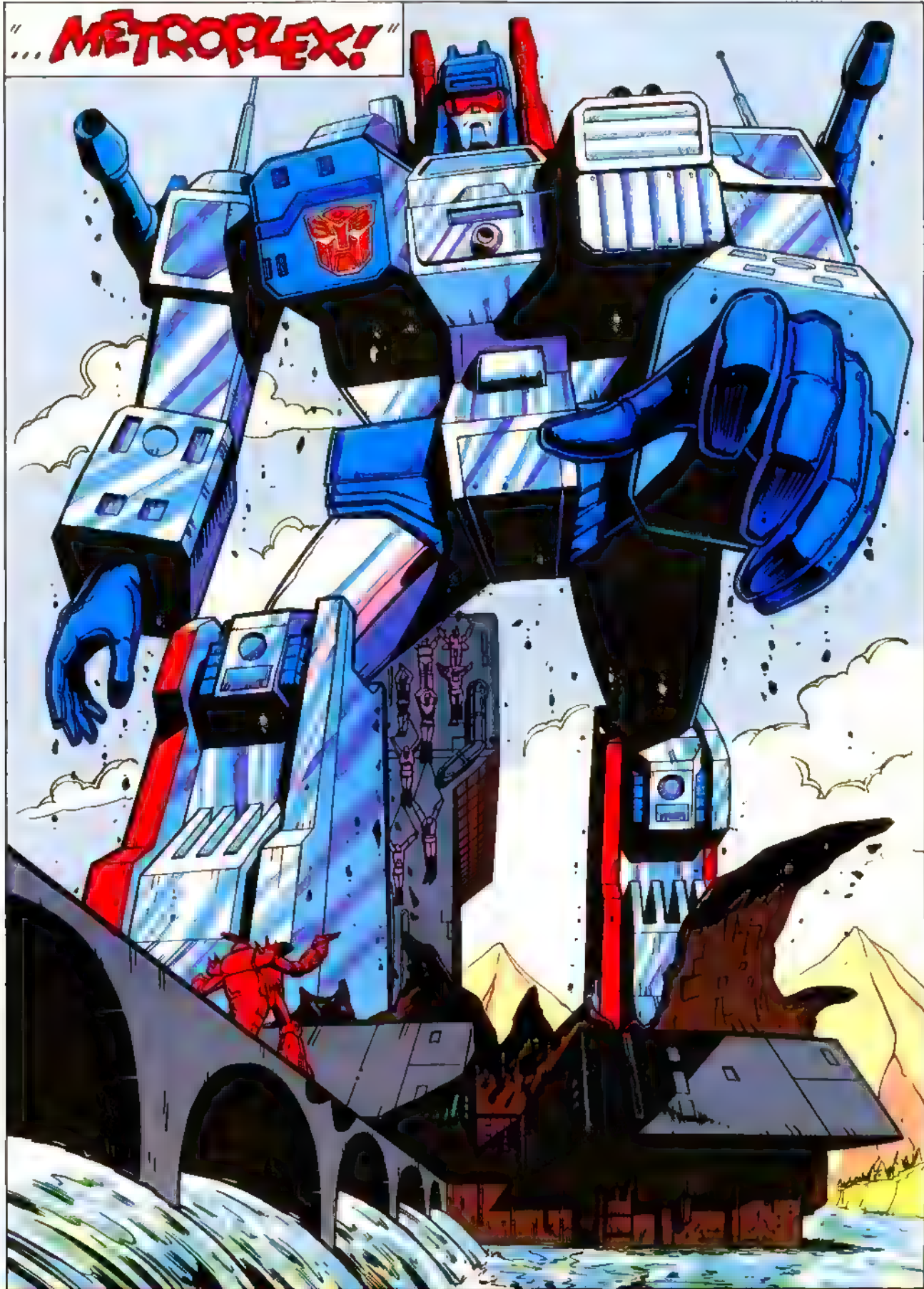
WRECK-GAR!
JUST IN TIME
FOR THE KICK
OFF, YOUR
VERDICT,
BRIAN?

A LITTLE TAP TO THE
MIDFIELD ASTEROID
AND THE CANISTER
WAS PICKED UP BY
JUNKION
STRIKERS' SICK
AS PARROTS,
THEY WERE!





... **METROPLEX!** ...



NEXT: THE END OF THE WORLD!

MARVEL®

FREE
ACTION
FORCE
STICKERS
INSIDE!

15th Oct. 88

Nº187 35p

U.S. \$1.00 CAN. \$1.50

THE TRANSFORMERS



and

VISIONARIES

MATRIX MASTER!



SPACE PIRATES!

PART 6.

EARTH.
2008.

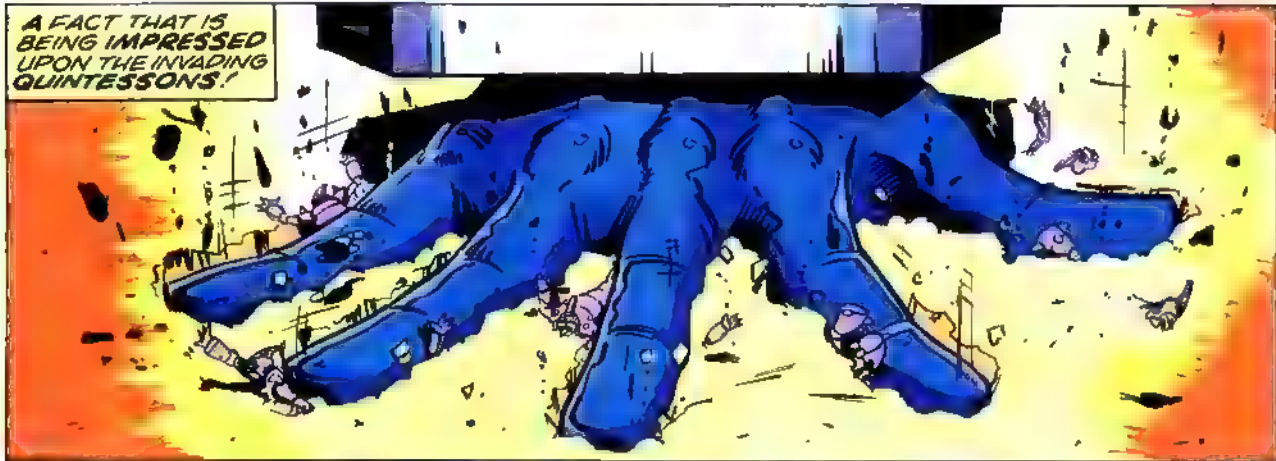
THIS IS METROPLEX. FOR FIVE YEARS NOW HE'S LAIN DORMANT WITHIN AUTOBOT CITY, ENABLING THE COMPLEX TO TRANSFORM INTO AN ARMoured BATTLE STATION.

HE'S JUST BEEN RUDELY AWAKENED.

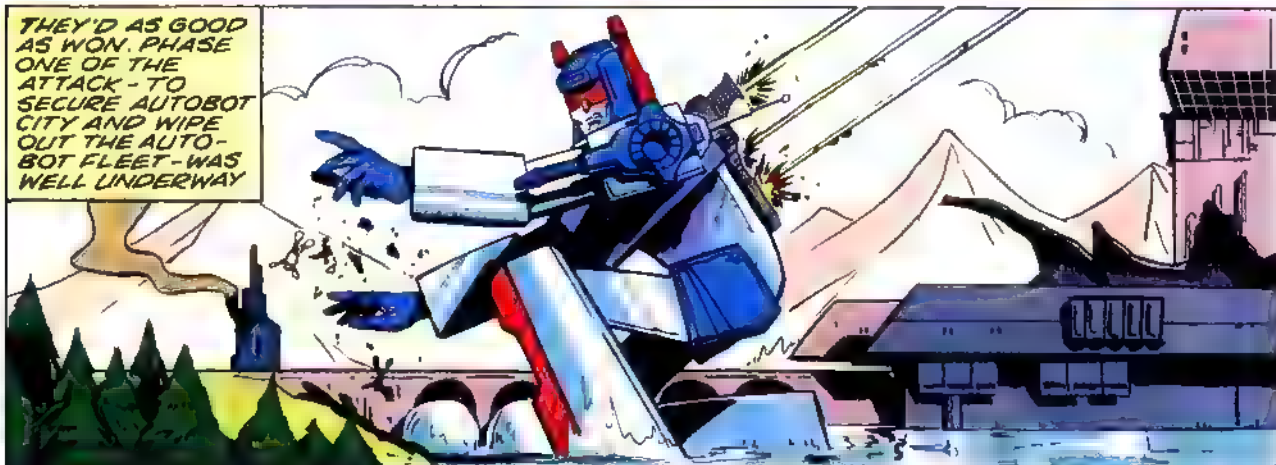
HE'S NOT IN THE BEST OF MOODS!



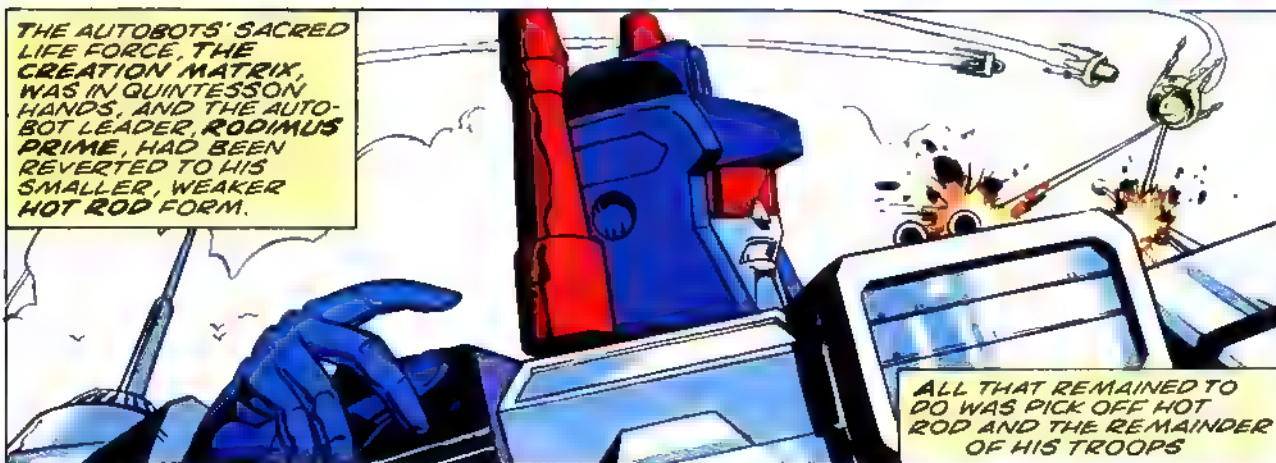
A FACT THAT IS
BEING IMPRESSED
UPON THE INVADING
QUINTESSONS!



THEY'D AS GOOD
AS WON. PHASE
ONE OF THE
ATTACK - TO
SECURE AUTOBOT
CITY AND WIPE
OUT THE AUTO-
BOT FLEET - WAS
WELL UNDERWAY

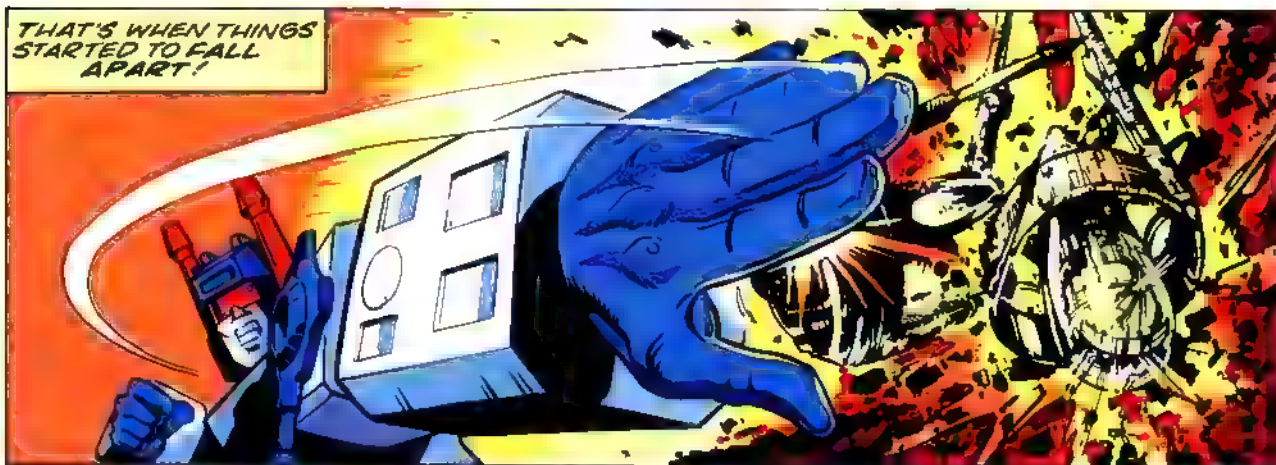


THE AUTOBOTS' SACRED
LIFE FORCE, THE
CREATION MATRIX,
WAS IN QUINTESSON
HANDS, AND THE AUTO-
BOT LEADER, RODIMUS
PRIME, HAD BEEN
REVERTED TO HIS
SMALLER, WEAKER
HOT ROD FORM.

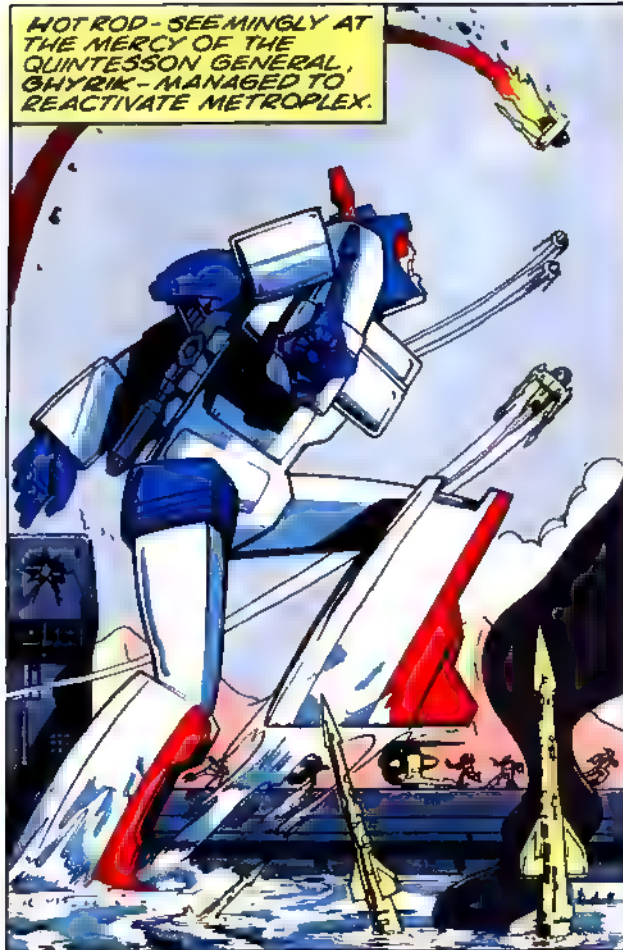


ALL THAT REMAINED TO
DO WAS PICK OFF HOT
ROD AND THE REMAINDER
OF HIS TROOPS

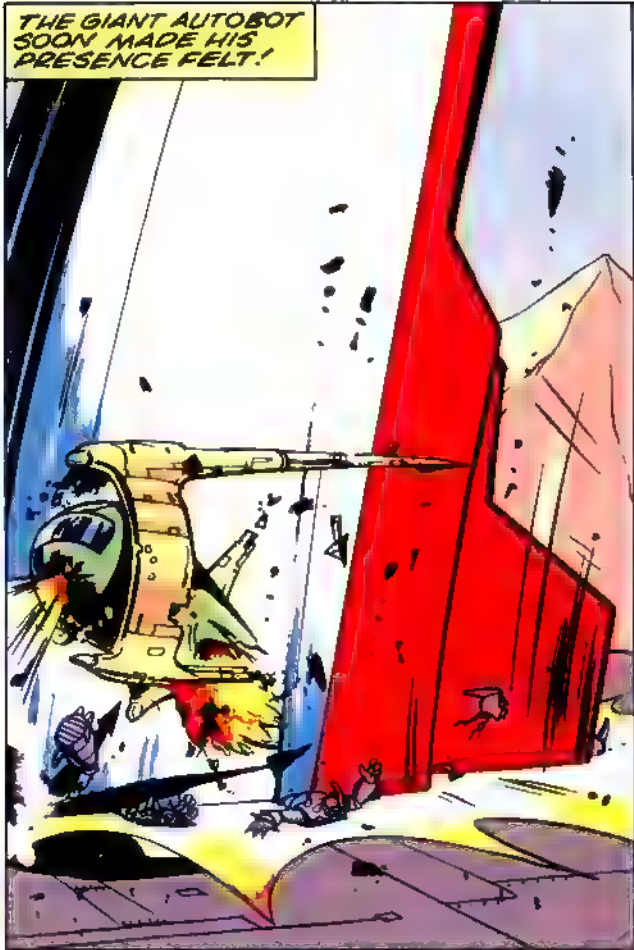
THAT'S WHEN THINGS
STARTED TO FALL
APART!



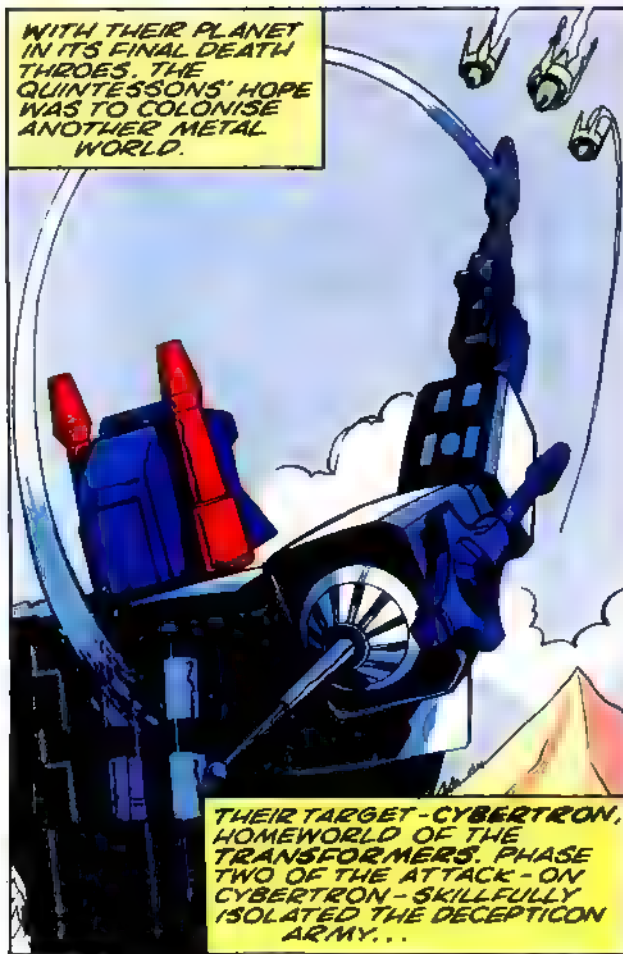
HOT ROD - SEEMINGLY AT THE MERCY OF THE QUINTESSON GENERAL, GHYRIK - MANAGED TO REACTIVATE METROPLEX.



THE GIANT AUTOBOT SOON MADE HIS PRESENCE FELT!



WITH THEIR PLANET IN ITS FINAL DEATH THROES, THE QUINTESSONS' HOPE WAS TO COLONISE ANOTHER METAL WORLD.



THEIR TARGET - CYBERTRON, HOMELAND OF THE TRANSFORMERS. PHASE TWO OF THE ATTACK - ON CYBERTRON - SKILLFULLY ISOLATED THE DECEPTICON ARMY...



... CUTTING THEM DOWN WHOLESALE!

GHYRIK'S ONLY REMAINING
HOPE IS THAT THIS SECOND
ASSAULT SUCCEEDS...
WHERE HE HAS FAILED!

CURSE
YOU, HOT
ROD!



BY AWAKENING
YOUR PET
COLOSSUS, YOU
MAY HAVE
DOOMED MY
RACE TO EX-
TINCTION!

C-CAN'T SAY
I'M TOO TORN
UP ABOUT
THAT,
GHYRIK!



UUR... YOUR RACE WAS
WILLING TO
WIPE OUT TWO PLANETS' WORTH OF
TRANSFORMERS JUST TO SAVE
YOUR OWN MISERABLE HIDES!



A SHAME YOU WON'T
LIVE TO SEE YOUR
VICTORY! WITH THE
POWER OF THE
MATRIX COURSE
THROUGH YOU, YOU
MIGHT HAVE
TESTED MY
MIGHT, BUT
NOW—



WAIT! THE MATRIX!
THERE MAY YET BE
A WAY TO WIN
THROUGH!



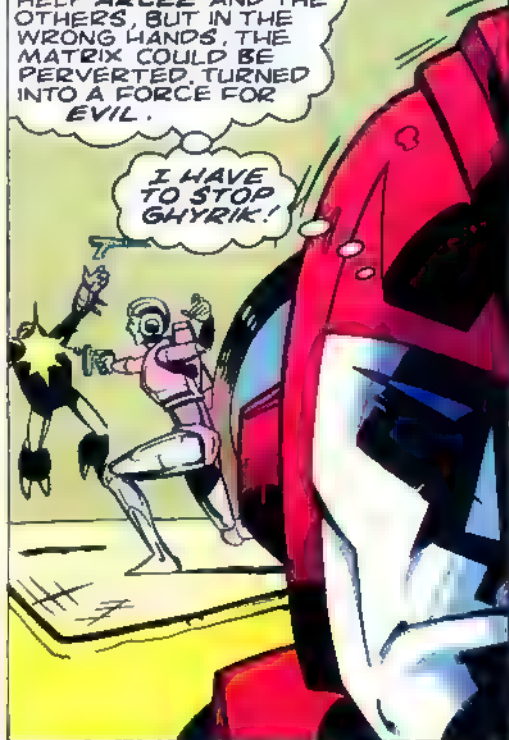
DON'T GO AWAY, HOT ROD I'LL BE BACK TO KILL YOU LATER!

HECK! I KNOW WHERE HE'S HEADED THE MATRIX HOLDER HE STOLE FROM ME MUST BE STASHED NEARBY!

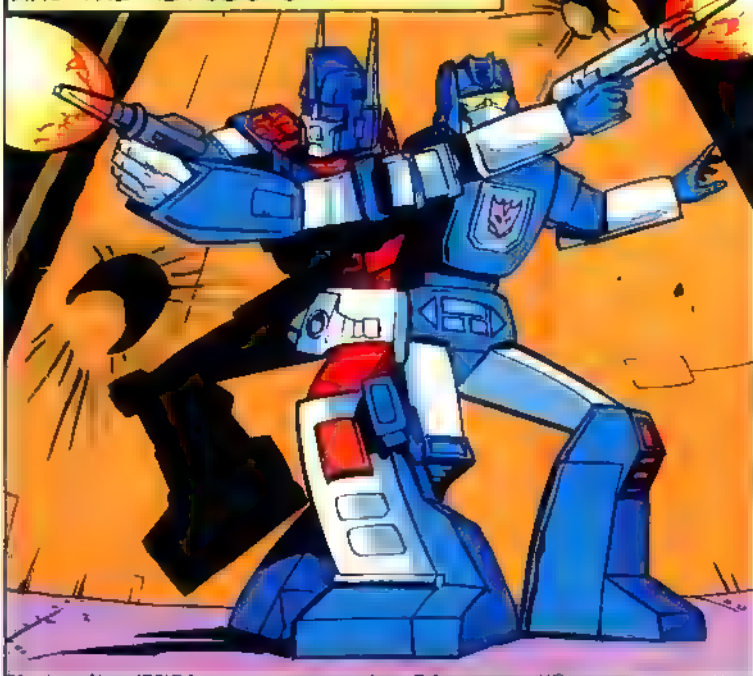


I'D LIKE TO STAY AND HELP ARCEE AND THE OTHERS, BUT IN THE WRONG HANDS, THE MATRIX COULD BE PERVERTED, TURNED INTO A FORCE FOR EVIL.

I HAVE TO STOP GHYRIK!



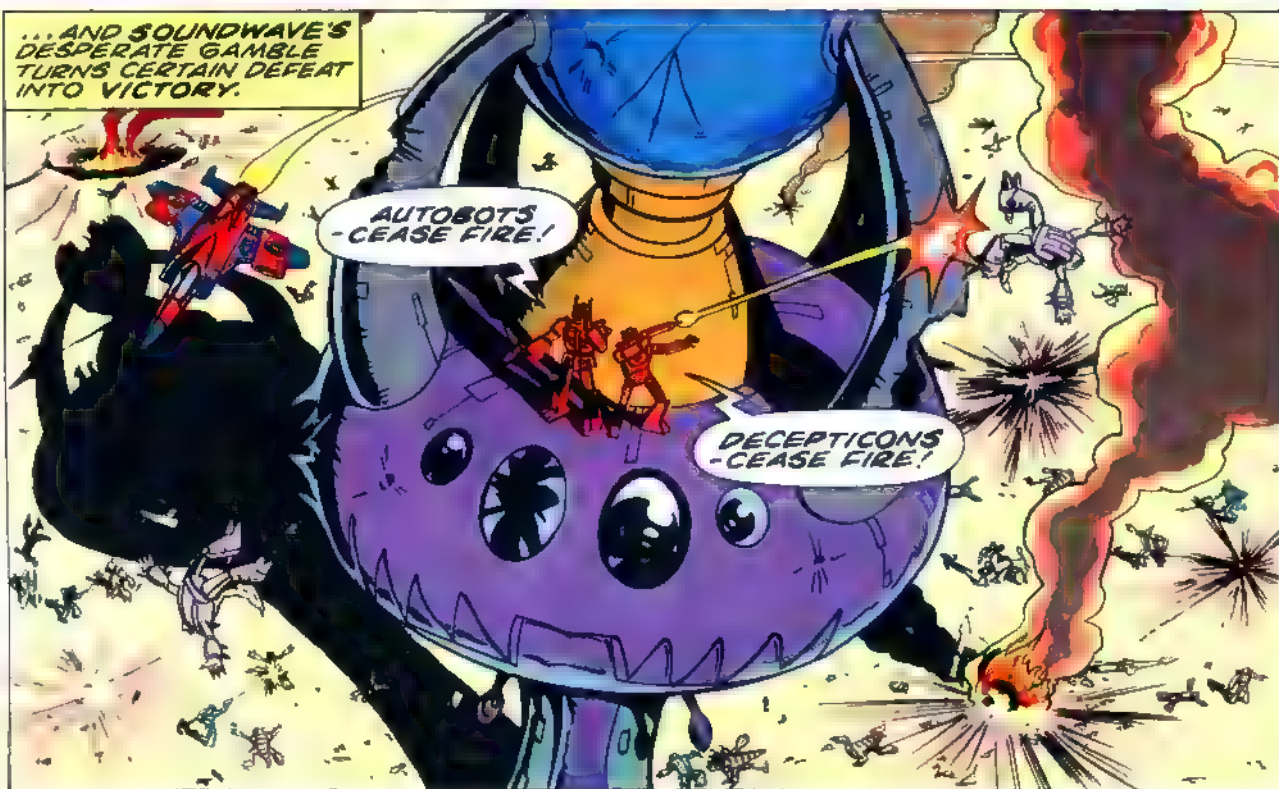
MEANWHILE, ON CYBERTRON, THE BELEAGUERED DECEPTICONS FIND UNEXPECTED ALLIES IN THE SHAPE OF ULTRA MAGNUS AND THE AUTOBOTS...

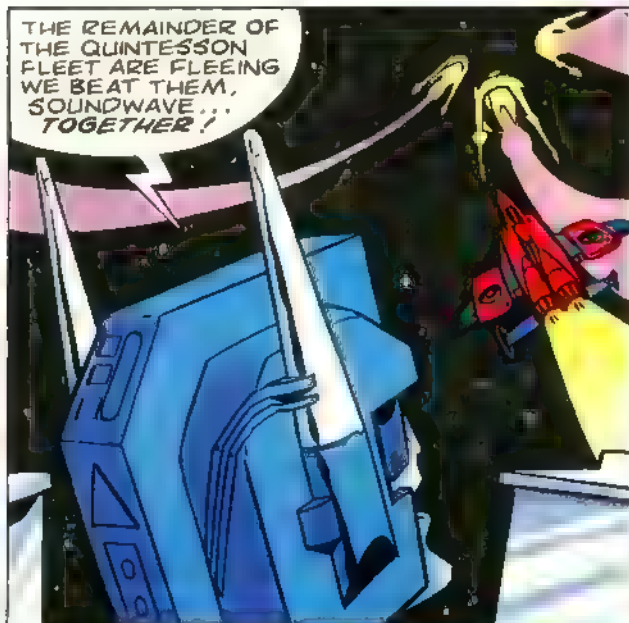


...AND SOUNDWAVE'S DESPERATE GAMBLE TURNS CERTAIN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY.

AUTOBOTS - CEASE FIRE!

DECEPTICONS - CEASE FIRE!



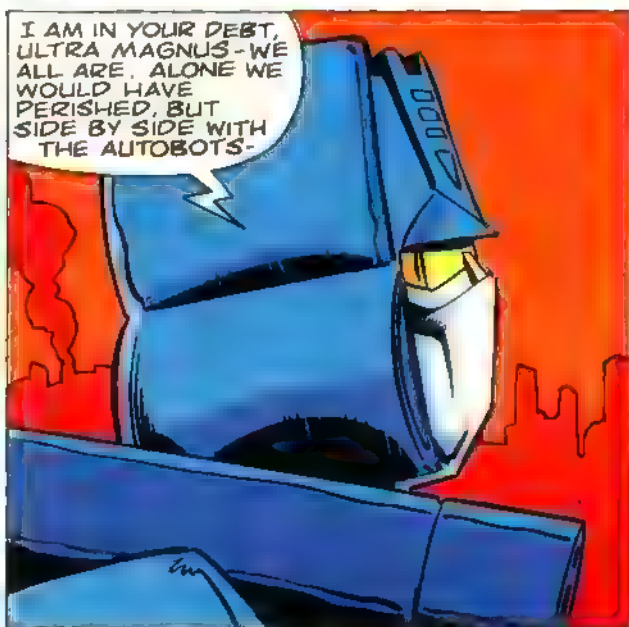


THE REMAINDER OF
THE QUINTESSON
FLEET ARE FLEEING
WE BEAT THEM,
SOUNDWAVE...
TOGETHER!

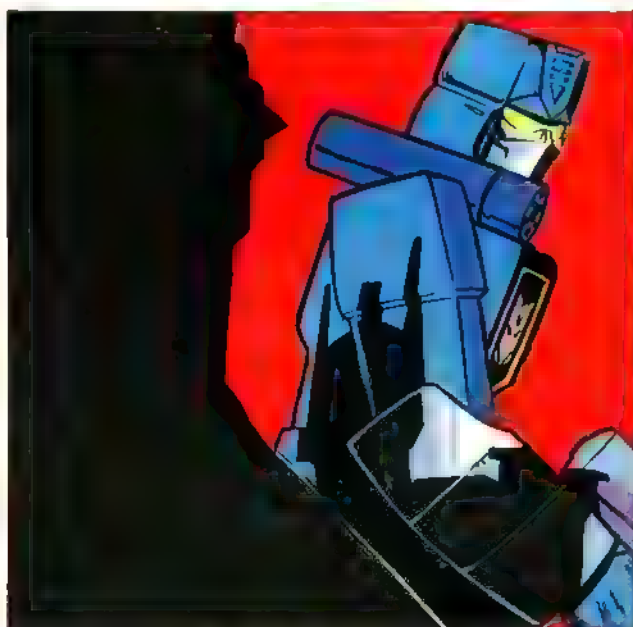


THOUGH YOU GUIDED
THE AUTOBOTS HERE
BY *TRICKERY*, I
BELIEVE YOU ACTED
WITH CYBERTRON'S
BEST INTERESTS
AT HEART!

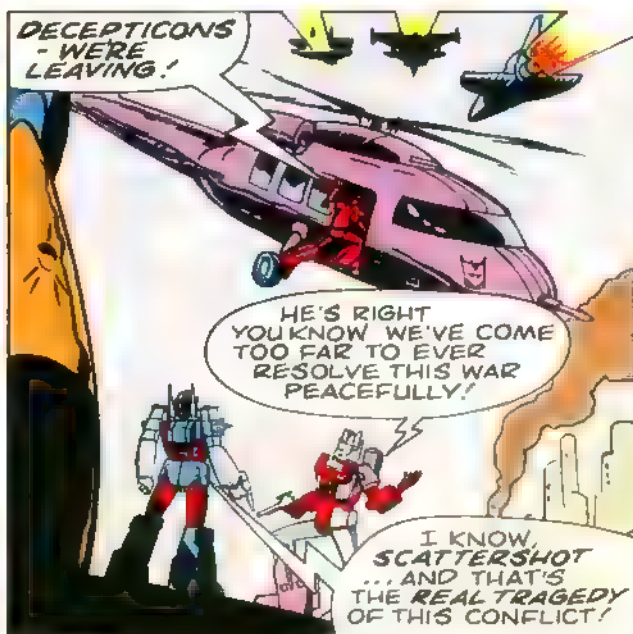
HAD THE
QUINTESSONS
DEFEATED YOU, WE
WOULD SURELY
HAVE BEEN NEXT
ON THEIR LIST!



I AM IN YOUR DEBT,
ULTRA MAGNUS - WE
ALL ARE, ALONE WE
WOULD HAVE
PERISHED, BUT
SIDE BY SIDE WITH
THE AUTOBOTS -



I-NO... IT JUST
WOULDN'T WORK
NOT FOR LONG
ANYWAY. TOO
MUCH HAS
HAPPENED
BETWEEN OUR
RACES!

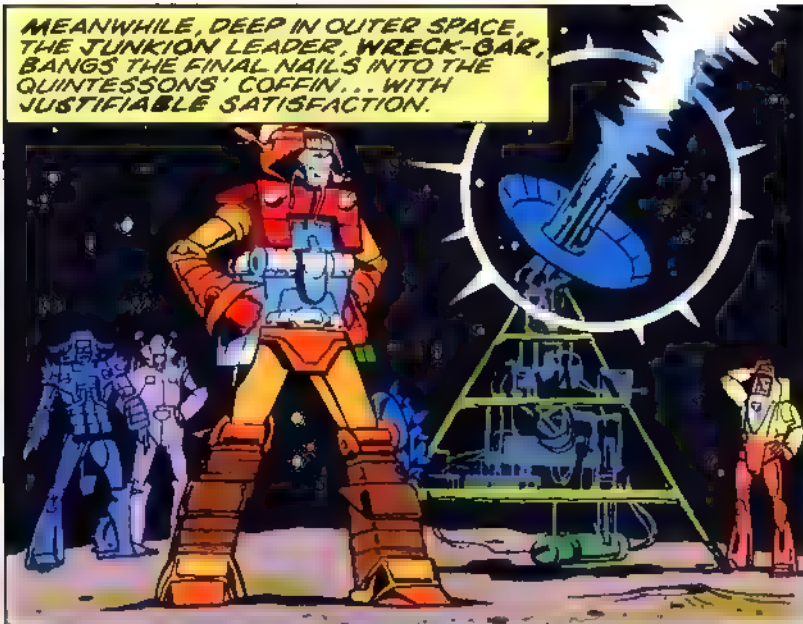


DECEPTICONS
- WERE
LEAVING!

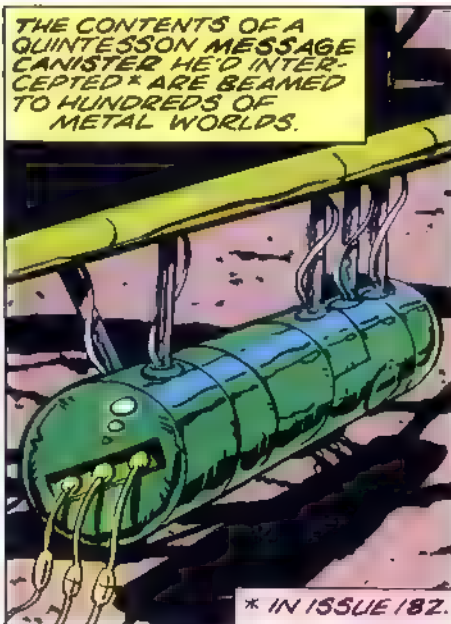
HE'S RIGHT
YOU KNOW WE'VE COME
TOO FAR TO EVER
RESOLVE THIS WAR
PEACEFULLY!

I KNOW,
SCATTERSHOT
... AND THAT'S
THE REAL TRAGEDY
OF THIS CONFLICT!

MEANWHILE, DEEP IN OUTER SPACE, THE JUNKION LEADER, WRECK-BAR, BANGS THE FINAL NAILS INTO THE QUINTESSENS' COFFIN... WITH JUSTIFIABLE SATISFACTION.

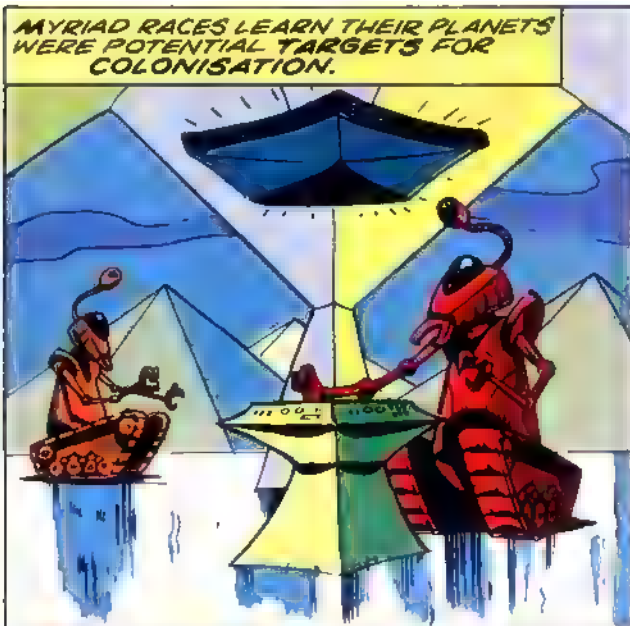


THE CONTENTS OF A QUINTESSEN MESSAGE CANISTER HE'D INTERCEPTED* ARE BEAMED TO HUNDREDS OF METAL WORLDS.

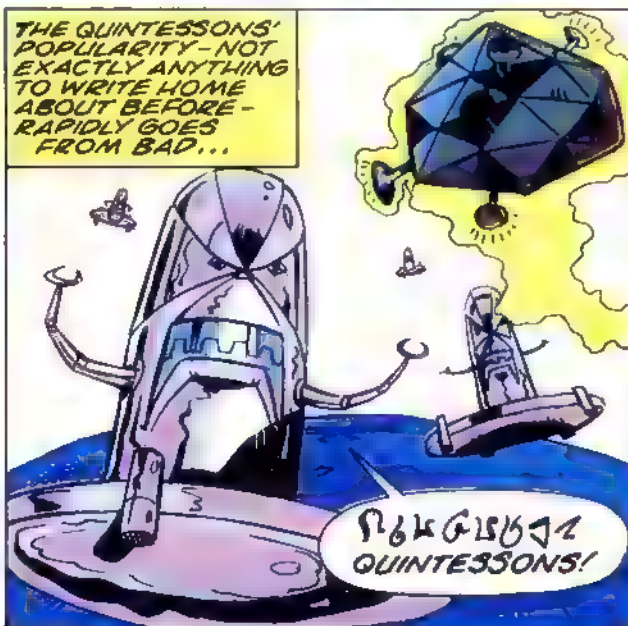


* IN ISSUE 182.

MYRIAD RACES LEARN THEIR PLANETS WERE POTENTIAL TARGETS FOR COLONISATION.

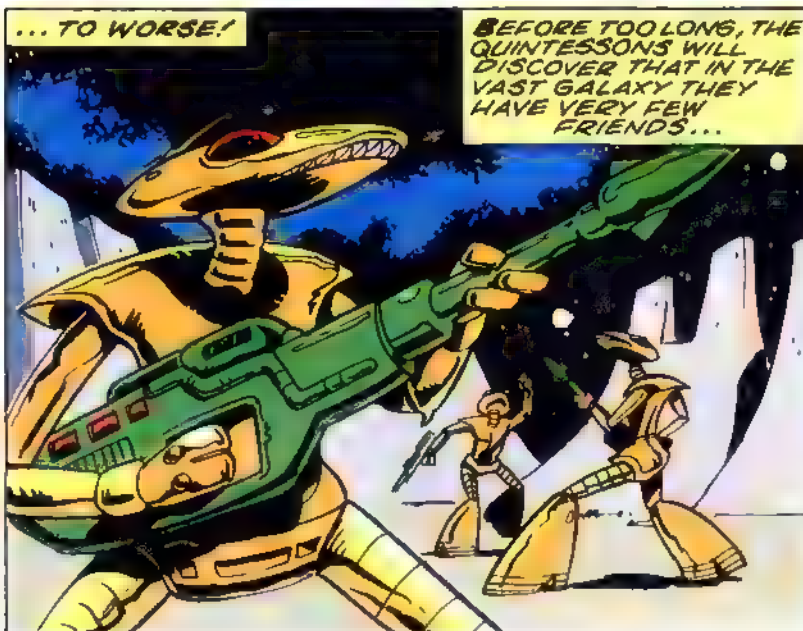


THE QUINTESSENS' POPULARITY - NOT EXACTLY ANYTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT BEFORE - RAPIDLY GOES FROM BAD...

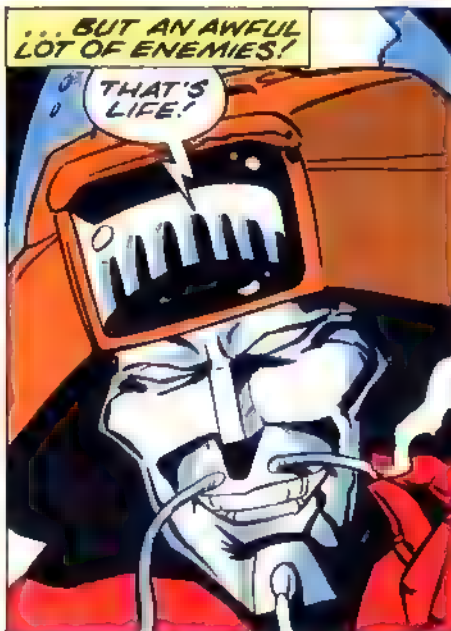


... TO WORSE!

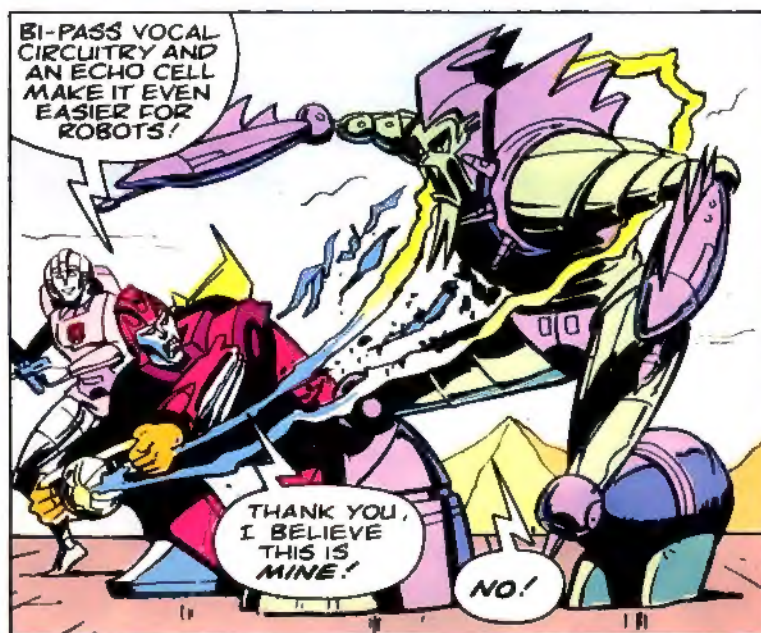
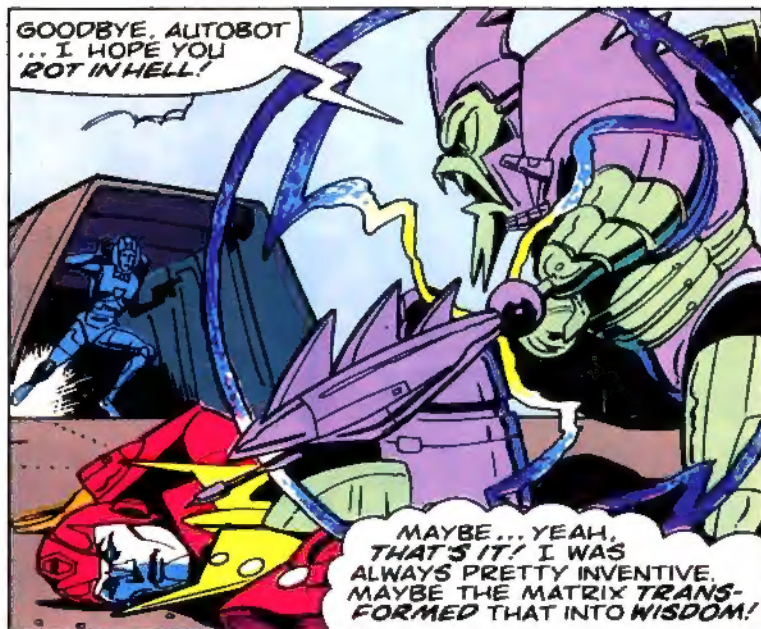
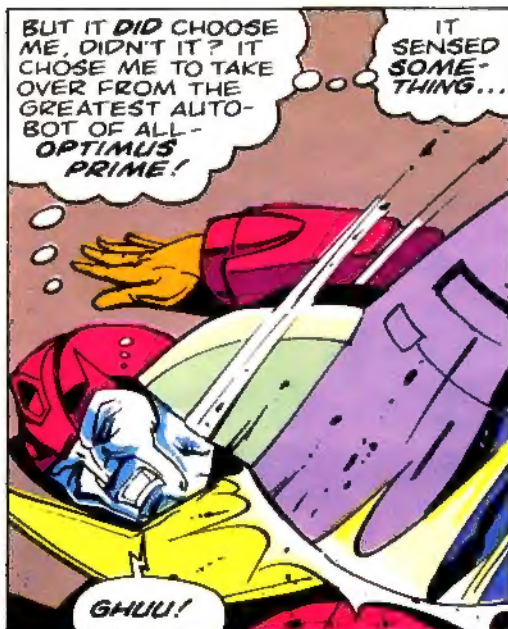
BEFORE TOO LONG, THE QUINTESSENS WILL DISCOVER THAT IN THE VAST GALAXY THEY HAVE VERY FEW FRIENDS...

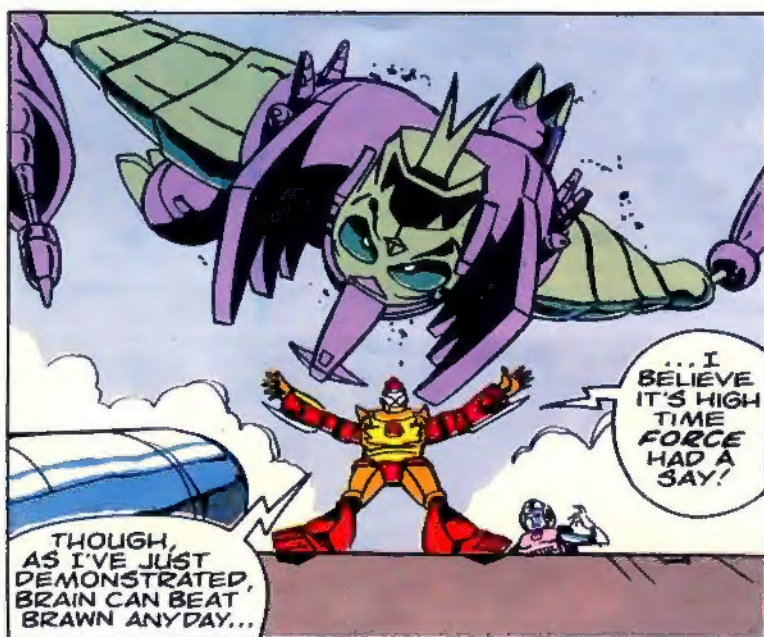
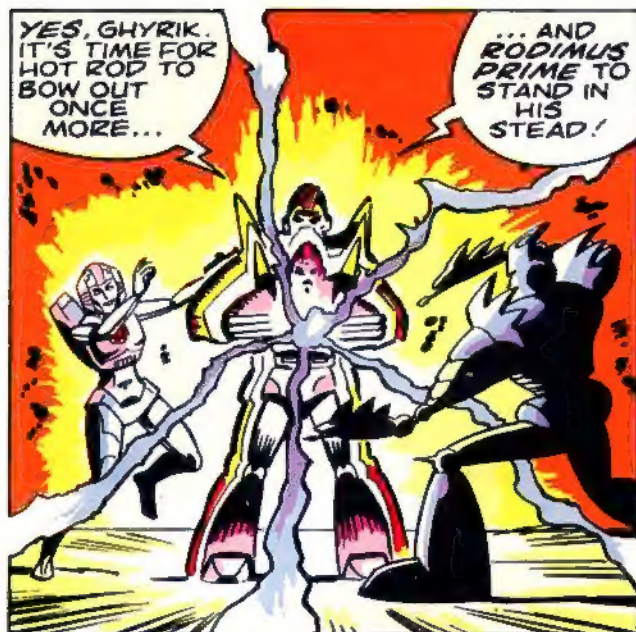


... BUT AN AWFUL LOT OF ENEMIES!



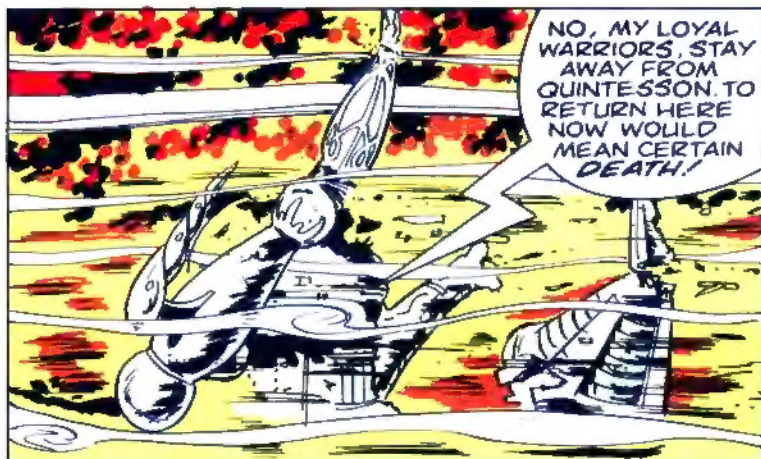
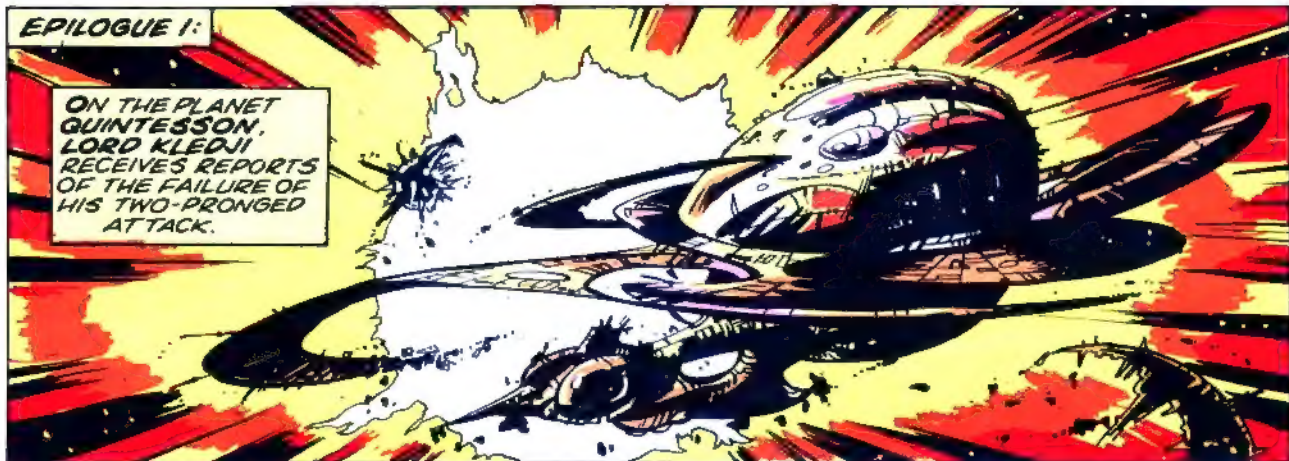






EPILOGUE 1:

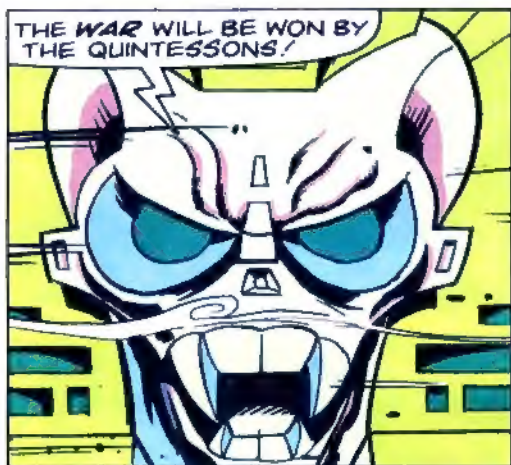
ON THE PLANET
QUINTESSON,
LORD KLEDJI
RECEIVES REPORTS
OF THE FAILURE OF
HIS TWO-PRONGED
ATTACK.



NO, MY LOYAL
WARRIORS, STAY
AWAY FROM
QUINTESSON. TO
RETURN HERE
NOW WOULD
MEAN CERTAIN
DEATH!

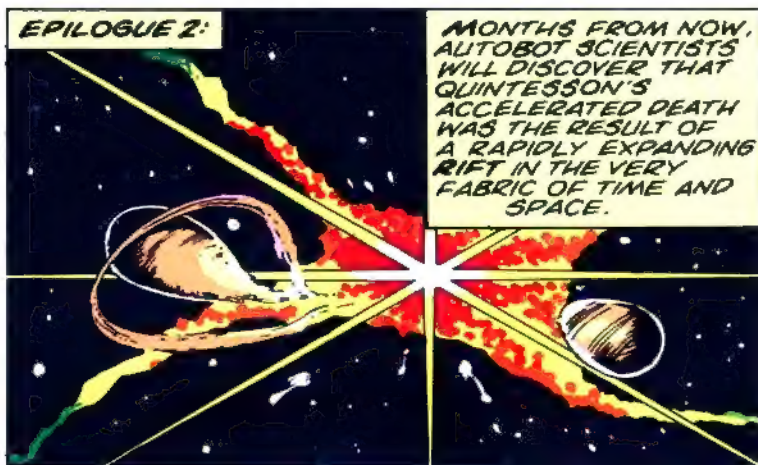


RATHER YOU REMAIN FREE,
TO SOMEDAY STRIKE
BACK AT OUR ENEMIES -
THE CYBERTRONIANS!
THEY HAVE WON BUT
A BATTLE!



THE WAR WILL BE WON BY
THE QUINTESSONS!

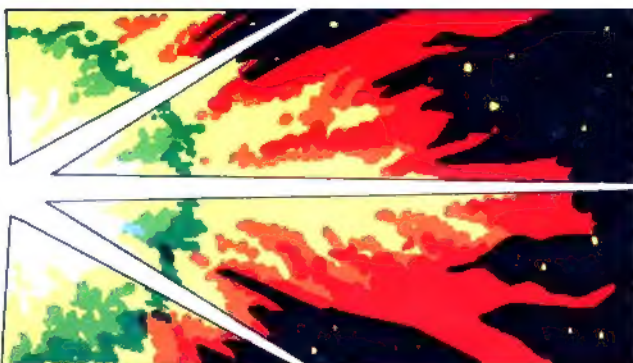
EPILOGUE 2:



MONTHS FROM NOW,
AUTOBOT SCIENTISTS
WILL DISCOVER THAT
QUINTESSON'S
ACCELERATED DEATH
WAS THE RESULT OF
A RAPIDLY EXPANDING
RIFT IN THE VERY
FABRIC OF TIME AND
SPACE.



BY THEN IT WILL BE
TOO LATE!



NEXT:

FIREBUG!